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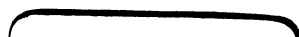
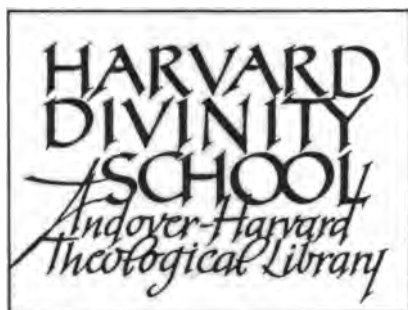
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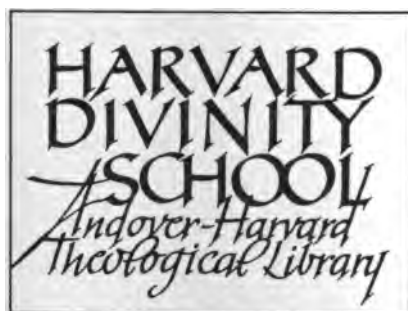
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CHILDREN'S WORSHIP.

A Book of Sacred Song

FOR

HOME AND SCHOOL.

EDITED BY

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

LONDON:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

62

1

2

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1888.

B.V.

220

A54

1850

"A psalm or hymn sung in soft chorus to the piano in the adjoining room he often asked for, and in reply to the question what he would like, he would say, 'Just give me a bairn's hymn.'"

Dr. Guthrie's Life, vol. ii., p. 487.

P R E F A C E.

THE aim of the Editor in this compilation has been to include in one volume Hymns simple enough for the Infant School and mature enough for the most advanced Bible Classes, and sufficient in number and variety for all uses of School and Home worship.

Very earnest thanks are given to the authors and proprietors of hymns for permission, kindly and generously granted, to use the compositions which bear their names. And forgiveness is asked for any involuntary invasion of rights which could not be ascertained.

CANONBURY, *May 6th*, 1878.

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The Divine Being.

GOD, HIS NATURE AND WORSHIP.

1112.1210.
"holy, Lord God Almighty."
 —Rev. iv. 8.

[oly, Holy! Lord God Al-
 hty! [to Thee;
 adoring our songs shall rise
 y, Holy! Merciful and
 ee Persons, blessed Trinity!
 , Holy! all the saints adore

own their golden crowns
 the glassy sea;
 and seraphim falling down
 Thee, [shalt be.
 t, and art, and evermore
 , Holy! though the darkness
 see,
 the eye of sinful man Thy
 may not see,
 art holy: there is none
 Thee
 power, in love, and purity.
 , Holy! Lord God Almighty,
 orks shall praise Thy name,
 , and sky, and sea.
 y, Holy! Merciful and
 !

ree Persons, blessed Trinity!
 REGINALD HEBER.

1010.1111.
*orks praise Thee, O Lord, and
 hall bless Thee."*—Ps. cxlv. 10.
 SHIP the King
 glorious above;
 fully sing
 power and His love;
 old and defender,
 ncient of days,
 ed in splendour,
 rded with praise.
 f His might,
 g of His grace,
 obe is the light,
 e ascopy, space;

Whose chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty! Thy power
 Hath founded of old:
 Hath established it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light;
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail;
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender,
 How firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might!
 Ineffable love!
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall hush to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRA T.

10.9.10.9.1010.810.10.8

3 "Glory to God in the highest."—Luke
 ii. 14.

1 GLORY, glory to God in the highest!
 Angels in chorus joyfully cry:
 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
 Trembling and weak our voices raise

o their anthem above,
 sing to the Fountain of
 God in the highest! [love,
 I wnat though but feebly our accents
 arise, [the skies,
 Deigning to hearken, He bends from
 Glory to God in the highest!

2 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
 Bright-beaming stars of midnight
 proclaim;

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
 All nature peals forth in praise to
 His name, [the breeze,
 Warbles the woodland, and whispers
 Roar out the torrents and tempest-

toss'd seas,
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Loud His creation still ceaseless pro-

longs, [songs,
 Praise to her Maker in all her glad
 Glory to God in the highest!

3 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
 Joining the choir, our tribute we
 bring;

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
 Mortals break silence, gratefully sing;
 Reigning in majesty throned above,
 Yours is the royal gift of His love.

Glory to God in the highest!
 Spread through creation, His grandeur
 we trace,

Only in man He revealeth His grace,
 Glory to God in the highest!

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

87.87.

4 "Every day will I bless Thee."—Ps.
 cxlv. 2.

1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
 When our hymns in school we
 Daily work begun and ended, [raise
 With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When, as each new day is born,
 On our knees at home we bless Thee,
 For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 In our hymns before we sleep;
 Angels hear them, watching by us,
 Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Not in words of praise alone;
 Truthful lips, and meek obedience,
 Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When for Jesu's sake we try
 Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labours,
 Waiting for Thy day in peace.

JOHN ELLETON.

L.M. 8 lines.

5 "The heavens declare the glory of
 God, and the firmament sheweth His
 handywork."—Ps. xix. 1.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,—
 The hand that made us is divine.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

87.87.

6 "Let every thing that hath breath
 praise the Lord."—Ps. cl. 6.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore
 Him:

Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws, that never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail.

God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.

RICHARD MANT.

L.M.

- 7 "O give thanks unto the Lord: for His
mercy endureth for ever."

—Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no

- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When sun and moon shall shine no

- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world He guides our
feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

446.446.

- 8 "I will praise Thee, O Lord, among
the people."—Ps. cviii. 3.

- 1 MY God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

- 2 My voice awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

- 3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

- 4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

71.77.77.

- 9 "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O
Lord: and Thy saints shall bless Thee."
—P. cxliv. 10.

- 1 ALL things praise Thee—Lord most
high,
Heaven and earth, and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

- 2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

- 3 All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud;
Summer, winter, all to Thee
Glory render:—Lord, may we.

- 4 All things praise Thee—Heaven's high
shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising:—Lord, may we.

- 5 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.
GEORGE WILLIAM CONDER.

L.M.

10 "It is good to sing praises unto our God."—Ps. cxlvii. 1.

1) PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames; [names;
He counts their numbers, calls their
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are
drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high, [sky;
Who spreads His clouds all round the
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with
corn;

The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 His saints are precious in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there.

ISAAC WATTS.

87.87.87.87.

11 "Thou hast created all things."—Rev.
iv. 11.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,

Sound Jehovah's praise on high:
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT.

C.M.

12 "So will we sing and praise Thy power."
—Ps. xxi. 13.

1) SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,

That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

7 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He guides me with His eye;
How should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

ISAAC WATTS.

C.M.

13 "The exceeding riches of His grace."—
Ephes. ii. 7.

1) FATHER, how wide Thy glory shinest
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read Thy patience still.

3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

4 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rent awe,
We love and we adore;
The highest angel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

glories of the Lamb
learn'tly plains,
learn Immanuel's name,
his choicest strains.
some humble part
nortal song :
oy shall tune my heart,
ommand my tongue.

ISAAC WATTS.

IRREGULAR.

se Thee yet more and more."

—Ps. lxxi. 14.

ye the Lord, raise high
heerful voices ;
ire a boundless store—

O praise ye the Lord !

very need supply ;

hway, ever nigh ;

en to our cry—

O praise ye the Lord !

he Lord, for it is good to
Him ;

heart, from sin depart—

O praise ye the Lord !

nding from above,

with redeeming love,

p for our race to prove—

O praise ye the Lord !

the Lord, 'tis heaven's
employment :

in their songs divine

In praising the Lord !

here on earth remain,

m sin and endless pain,

earn the heavenly strain—

O praise ye the Lord !

the Lord, and may His

aid us,

delight to praise aright—

O praise ye the Lord !

all for Jesus' sake

rd path of sin forsake,

our example take—

O praise ye the Lord !

MURPHY.

C.M.

zions shall praise Thy works

her."—Ps. cxlv. 4.

rious is our heavenly King,

reigns above the sky !

a child presume to sing

ful majesty ?

2 How great His power is, none can tell,

Nor think how large His grace ;

Not men below, nor saints that dwell

On high before His face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord

Can search His secret will :

But they perform His heavenly word,

And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,

And my first offerings bring :

Th' eternal God will not disdain,

To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,

And angels shall rejoice

To hear their mighty Maker's praise

Sound from a feeble voice.

ISAAC WATTS.

77.77.

16 "Praise our God, all ye His servants."

—Rev. xix. 5.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,

Heaven with hallelujahs rang,

When Jehovah's work begun ;

When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn

When the Prince of Peace was born ;

Songs of praise arose when He

Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;

Songs of praise shall crown that day ;

God will make new heavens and earth ;

Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,

Still in songs of praise rejoice ;

Learning here, by faith and love,

Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,

Songs of praise shall conquer death ;

Then, amidst eternal joy,

Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

77.77.

17 "I will praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness."—Ps. cxxxviii. 2

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,

For the love that crowns our days ;

Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,

Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field ;

For the stores the gardens yield ;

For the joy the harvests bring,

Grateful praises now we sing.

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heat diffuse ;
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

- 18 C.M.
"Great is the Lord."—Ps. xlviii. 1.
- 1 GREAT God! how wonderful art
Thou,
In all Thy works and ways!
To Thee should all Thy creatures bow
And meditate Thy praise.
- 2 The summer's heat, the winter's cold,
The seasons Thee proclaim ;
And as their various scenes unfold,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 3 Thy mighty hand, Thy watchful care,
Direct each fleeting hour ;
And nature's countless forms declare
Thy wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 But in the Saviour's work divine
We learn the wondrous plan,
Where justice, love, and mercy join
To save rebellious man.

- 19 C.M.
"Who would not fear Thee, O King of
nations?"—Jer. x. 7.
- 1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How glorious, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be ;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 Oh! how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with humble hope
And penitential tears!

- 5 Yet, may I love Thee
Almighty as Thou art
For Thou hast stooped
The love of my poor
- 6 No earthly father love
No mother e'er so n
Bears and forbears as'
With me, Thy sinfu
- 7 Father of Jesus, God,
What rapture will I
Prostrate before Thy t
And ever gaze on Th

FREDERICK WI

1110.1110

- 20 "Make His praise
lxvi. 2.
- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah
most holy,
Who cheers the cont
strength the weak
Praise Him who will v
the lowly,
And with salvation be
- 2 Praise ye the Lord fo
kindness,
And all the tender
Praise Him who par
and blindness
And calls us sons, as
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah,
blessing,
Before His gifts eart
Resting in Him, Hi
possessing
All things are ours, f
- 4 Praise ye the Father
who gave us,
With full and perfe
Praise ye the Son, wh
sc,ve us ;
Praise ye the Spirit, p

LADY M

65 65.

- 21 "How great is T
Ps. xxxi
- 1 SEE the shining
On the flow
Proving as they s
"God is ever g
- 2 See the morning
Lighting up th
Silently proclaim
"God is ever g

the mountain streamlet,
its solitude,
its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

leafy tree-tops,
he no fears intrude,
birds are singing,
God is ever good."

who came to save us,
shed His precious blood;
"ter things it speaketh,"
God is ever good."

my heart, thy tribute,
ings of gratitude;
things join to tell us
God is ever good."

77.77.
mercy endureth for ever."—
Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

s, with a gladsome mind,
use the Lord, for He is kind;
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

ound His name abroad,
ods, He is the God:
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

h all commanding might,
he new-made world with light:
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

golden-tressed sun,
all day his course to run:
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

igs living He doth feed,
hand supplies their need:
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

h, with a piteous eye,
upon our misery
mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

then, with gladsome mind,
the Lord, for He is kind:
s mercies shall endure,
ithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON.

87.87.47.

23 "Bless the Lord, O my soul"—
Ps. ciii. 22.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Wholike thee His praise should sing!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! praise Him
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him
Ye behold Him face to face;
All His works bow down before Him
Through the boundless realms of
Praise Him! praise Him! [space];
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

77.77.77.

24 "So will we sing and praise Thy
power."—Ps. xxi. 13.

1 LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all:
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call
Listen whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Light and love and life are Thine;
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts,
Love undying for Thy name,
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,

**Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.**

GODFREY THRING.

1111.1111.

25 "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—

Matt. xxi. 16.

1 WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, O
Father in Heaven,
For the Saviour Thou hast to Thy
little ones given;
We thank Thee, we bless Thee, O mer-
ciful God, [our Lord.
For the gift of Thine only Son, Jesus

2 O Thou who didst send the Child Jesus
to earth,
Give us, O our Father, a heavenly birth;
Give us Thy good Spirit, our hearts to
renew,
And make us Thy followers, faithful
and true. ELIZ. STRAFFORD.

6666.4444.

26 "Ye that fear the Lord praise Him."
—Ps. xxii, 23.

VE the clear bl

Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:

Alleluia!

**They love to sing
To God their King,
Alleluia !**

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise ;
We then our cheerful song,
In sweet accord will raise :

Alleluia!

**We too will sing
To God our King,
Alleluia!**

**3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart.
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.**

Alleluia!

Then shall we sing
To God our King,
Alleluia!

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around ;
All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound,
Alleluia !

**All then shall sing
To God their King,
Alleluia!**

JOHN CH

C.M.

27 "Doubtless Thou art our
—Isa. lxiii. 16.

1 OUR Father sits on yonder
Amidst the hosts above
He reigns throughout the wo
He reigns the God of love.

2 He knew us when we knew
Was with us though unseen
His favours came to us unseen
His love has wondrous been

**3 O let us, while we dwell here,
Obey that Father's voice;
To Him in meek submission
And in His love rejoice:**

4 That we may hear Him say,
 "Ye blessèd children, com
 The days of toil and sin are
 And heaven is now your h

THOMAS

28 66.66 66.66.
"Praise ye the Lord."—

1 JOIN now in praise and
Hallelujah
Praise to our heavenly Ki
Hallelujah

By love and gratitude
Still be our hearts subdued
Still be the song renewed
Hallelujah

2 Praise to the Lord most high
Hallelujah
Let ev'ry tongue reply,

Hallelujah
Our Father and our Friend
On Thee our joys depend ;
Thy love will never end—
Hallelujah

3 Sing both with heart and
Hallelujah
Sing, and in God rejoice,
Halleluiah

O Lord, each day we prove
Some tokens of Thy love ;
In Thee we live and move
Halleluiah

65,65,6665.

g men and maidens: old men children."—Ps. cxlviii. 12.

IK, round the God of love
Angels are singing;
at His feet above
in crowns are flinging:
ay poor children dare
for acceptance there,
simple praise and prayer
His throne bringing?

rough adoring throngs
pity sees us;
their seraphic songs
offering pleases:
hou who here didst pr ve
es so full of love,
rt the same above,
iful Jesus.

poor sparrow falls
Thou art near it;
the young raven calls,
Lord, dost hear it;
rs, worms, and insects share
Thy guardian care;
hou bid us despair?
can we fear it?

hen Thy mercy send
ll before Thee;
en and children's friend,
we implore Thee;
s from grace to grace,
ough our earthly race,
before Thy face
to adore Thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

L.M.

ship God."—Rev. xxii. 9.
e, we worship Thee, O God;
sov'reign power we sound
broad;
bow before Thy throne,
the great Jehovah, own.

lujahs to Thy name
seraphim proclaim:
e powers and thrones in
ise to Thee is given.

y, holy Lord;
Hosts, by all adored:
he heavens are full of Thee,
Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

6684.6684.

31 "The God of Abraham."—Gen.
xxxi. 42.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
J-hovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed:
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness
To see His face.
He is our faithful Friend,
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
We on His oath depend,
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVER.

32 "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—
Ps. ciii. 1.

- 1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the earth we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 7 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS.

33 "I am still with Thee."—Ps. cxxxix.
18.

- 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer:
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart:
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee, my heart would find:

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm, in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

76.76.76.

34 "To this man will I look, who
poor and of a contrite spirit."—
Isa. lxxvi. 2.

1 GOD, who hath made the daisies
And ev'ry lovely thing;
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

2 Though we are young and simple
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
But sees the heart's low breathings
And says (well pleased to see),
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

4 Therefore we will come near Him
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD

76.76.76.

35 "How great is Thy goodness."—
Ps. xxi. 19.

1 'T WAS God that made the ocean
And laid its sandy bed;
He gave the stars their motion,
And built the mountain's head

He made the rolling thunder,
The lightning's forked flame;
His works are full of wonder,
All glorious is His name.

- 2 And must it not surprise us
That one so high and great
Should see and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet?
Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.
- 3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done:
He sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ His only Son:
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.
- 4 He gives His word to teach us
Our danger and our wants;
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly powers,
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours.

76.76.76.76.

36 "Abundant in goodness."—Exod.
xxxiv. 6.

- 1 HOW dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers:
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.
- 2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed:
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.
- 3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame.
O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers,

For O how He must love us
And this poor world of ours!
S. W. PARTRIDGE.

84.84.88.87.

37 "Praise Him according to His excellent greatness."—Ps. cl. 2.

- 1 COME raise a sweet, a joyful song,
Unto the Lord;
The glorious heaven and earth belong
Unto the Lord.
Yet little children are His care;
He hears their praise, regards their prayer;
Then surely we cannot forbear
Songs to raise unto the Lord.
- 2 We'll praise Him for the day of rest—
Bright, blessed day!
Of all the seven we love it best,
Bright, blessed day!
Now pleasantly its hours we spend!
We read about our Saviour Friend,
And sing of joys that never end,
Day of rest! bright, blessed day!
- 3 We'll praise Him for His word divine,
Most precious book!
What light and life in ev'ry line!
Most precious book!
What love it was in Christ to die!
How wicked Him to crucify!
How glorious that He reigns on high!
Joyful news! Most precious book!

- 4 When we have reached the world
above
Right glad we'll sing!
Sweet hymns to praise the Saviour's
love
Right glad we'll sing!
We shall not have a sorrow there,
But live with saints and angels fair,
With harps to tune and crowns to
wear:
When we're there, right glad we'll
sing!
G. ST. CLAIRE.

56.64.

38 "He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.
- 2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

THE DIVINE BEING.

- 3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.
- 4 God, who all things made,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.
- 5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee,
That when I sink in death
Thou'lt care for me.
- 6 God, who sent His Son,
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.
- 7 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

SARAH B. RHODES.

L.M.

39 "A Father of the fatherless."—
Ps. lxxvii. 5.

- 1 COME, let us sing our Maker's
praise,
Whose goodness cheers our early days,
His name we ever ought to bless,
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2 Poor, helpless orphans we were found,
Left in a world where snares abound;
But He became in our distress
The Father of the fatherless.
- 3 And richest blessings from above
Prove His kind care and tender love;
What thanks to Him should we express,
The Father of the fatherless.
- 4 Let us rejoice: above the skies
We have a Friend who never dies;
To Him we may our prayer address,
The Father of the fatherless.
- 5 Our Father, let Thy heavenly grace,
On every heart Thine image trace,
Then shall we never cease to bless
The Father of the fatherless!

JOHN BURTON.

L.M.

40 "The Lord is good to all, and His tender
mercies are over all His works."—
Ps. cxlv. 9.

- 1 YES, God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading
wood,

- Ten thousand voices seem to cry
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps His trackless
And downward pours his golden
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain
Their song with ev'ry spring re-
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.
- 4 Yes, God is good, all nature say
By God's own hand with spe-
dued;
And man, in louder notes of praise
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee,
But chiefly for our heavenly Father
Thy pard'ning grace, Thy quick-
word,
These prompt our song that
good.

JOHN H. GUR

87.87.

41 "God is love."—1 John iv.

- 1 GOD is love! His mercy bright
All the path in which we
Joy He gives, and woe He light
God is light, and God is love!
- 2 Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His wisdom waneth never—
God is light, and God is love!
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seers
Will His changeless goodness
From the mist His brightness
God is light, and God is love!
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above
Everywhere His glory shineth—
God is light, and God is love!

SIR JOHN BOWE

L.M.

42 "O Lord, Thou hast searched;
known me."—Ps. cxxxix.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast searched an
me through;
Thine eye commands, with pi-
My rising and my resting hours
My heart and flesh, with all
powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are in
Are to my God distinctly known

He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my
breast,

Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

ISAAC WATTS.

O.M.

43 "Children in the temple."—Matt.
xxi. 15.

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And sing our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things.
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for His grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honour and thanks be given;
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

O.M.

44 "Very great are His mercies."—
1 Chron. xxi. 13.

1 TO God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our Friend,
To Him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

2 'Tis He who claims our youthful heart,
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon His love,
And praise Him ev'ry day.

3 When we offend against our God,
We'll ask His pardoning love;
'Twas for our sins the Saviour died
He pleads for us above.

4 With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

CHARLES WESLEY.

C.M. (with Coda.)

45 "We thank Thee, and praise Thy
glorious name."—1 Chron. xxix. 13.

1 LET ev'ry heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Let old and young together bring
To God their sacrifice.
For He is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honours sounding loud
The Lord Jehovah praise;
While the rocks and the hills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let all prolong their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven His power is known;
And earth subdued to Him shall yet
Bow low before His throne.
For He is good, &c.

C.M.

46 "Forget not all His benefits."—
Ps. ciii. 2.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON

THE DIVINE BEING.

C.M.

47 "God said, *Let the earth bring forth grass.*"—Gen. i. 11.

- 1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the
rose,
Or decks the lily fair, [blows,
Or streaks the humblest flower that
But God has placed it there.
- 2 At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by Heaven.
- 3 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

REGINALD HEBER.

C.M.

48 "Thou shalt guide me with Thy
counsel."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, while earth and
heaven
Thy power and skill proclaim,
Wilt Thou permit a child to sing
The honour of Thy name?
- 2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved Thy guardian care;
Nor shall I less through future years
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 3 Now may I give myself to Thee,
And in Thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide!

C.M.

49 "The goodness of God endureth con-
tinually."—Ps. lli. 1.

- 1 SUPREME good! supremely great!
Thy bounty we adore;
In all those gifts of providence
Which mark each passing hour.
- 2 From the first dawn of infant life
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still, through scenes of human woe,
By mercy we are spared.
- 3 To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life
Command Thy light to shine.

4 While taught to
May we that
And when we he
In that blest m

5 Let not our feet
Sin's broad, de
But trace those
To glory and i

50 "I am the C
xx

1 O GOD of Beth
Thy people
Who through th
Hast all our f

2 Our vows, our p
Before Thy th
God of our fath
Of their succ

3 Through each p
Our wand'r in
Give us each da
And raiment

4 O spread Thy c
Till all our w
And at our Fat
Our souls arr

5 Su-h blessings!
Our humble
And Thou shal
And portion

51 "The Lora
P.

1 THE Lord m
I shall be
Since He is m
What can I

2 He leads me t
Where heav
Where living
And full sal

3 If e'er I go ast
He doth my
And guides m
For His mo

4 While He affe
I cannot yi
Though I sho
dark shad
My Sheph

6 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.
ISAAC WATT3.

C.M. 8 lines.
52 "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."
—Ps. lxxxix. 1.

1 I HAVE a home, a happy home,
And friends to greet me there;
With daily bread I still am fed,
Have still warm clothes to wear.
I've health and strength in every limb,
How grateful should I be!
How shall I show my love to Him
Who shows such love for me?

2 And blessings greater still than these
A gracious God has given,
The precious word of Christ our Lord,
To guide my feet to heaven.
Among the shining cherubim
I trust my home shall be:
Then shall I show my love to Him
Who shows such love to me!

3 My God, I am a feeble child,
Oh! teach me to obey;
With humble fear to serve Thee here,
To watch and praise and pray.
My love is weak, my faith is dim,
But grace I ask from Thee,
That I may prove my love to Him
Who loved and died for me.
CHARLOTTE TUCKER.

C.M.
53 "Thou preventest us by the blessings of
Thy goodness."—Ps. xxi. 3.
1 LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.
2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.
3 My health, and friends, and parents
To me by God are given; [dear,
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.
4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.
ANN TAYLOR.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

C.M.
54 "To Him that loved us be glory for
ever."—Rev. i. 6.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My Gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.
5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
CHARLES WHEELER.

C.M.

55 "Glory be to the Lamb for ever."—Rev. v. 13.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply;
For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

L.M. 6 lines.

56 "Blessed are they that have not seen
and yet have believed."—John xx. 29.

- 1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst
come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
- 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor hear Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do."
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the
sun:
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Wherein Thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds
ascend, [view,
First lift to heaven their wondering
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;

Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld Thee taken to the skies.

- 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

C.M.

57 "He is Lord of all."—Acts x. 38.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

EDWARD PERRONET.

1110.1110.

58 "Let the children of Zion be joyful in
their King."—Ps. cxlix. 2.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's
glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness
have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning!
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign!
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning, [told!
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-
Hail to the millions from bondage
returning! [behold,
Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour

3 Lo! in the desert the rich flowers are springing,

Rivers abundant are gliding along;
Loud from the mountains the echoes
are ringing, [in song.

Wastes break in verdure and mingle
4 See from all lands, from the isles of
the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-
motion, [sky.

Shouts of salvation are rending the
THOMAS HASTINGS.

66.66.88.

59 "Zion, behold thy King cometh to
thee."—Zech. ix. 9.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home. [voice;

We soon shall hear the archangel's
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1111.1111.

60 "I bring you tidings of great joy."—
Luke ii. 10.

1 REJOICE and be glad! the Re-
deemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and
His tomb!

Sound His praises, tell the story
of Him who was slain;

Sound His praises, tell with
gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at
last, [re-past.

The clouds have departed, the shadows
Sound His praises, &c.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath
been shed; [been paid.

Redemption is finished, the price hath
Sound His praises, &c.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon
is free! [tree.

The Just for the unjust has died on the
Sound His praises, &c.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that
was slain [again.

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth
Sound His praises, &c.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is
on high, [the sky.

He pleadeth for us on His throne in
Sound His praises, &c.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh
again; [was slain.

He cometh in glory, the Lamb that
Sound His praises, tell the story

of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with
gladness He cometh again.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1111.1212.

61 "Blessed is he that cometh in the name
of the Lord."—Mark xi. 9.

1 SION, the marvellous story be telling,
The son of the Highest, how lowly
His birth! [ling.

The brightest archangel in glory excel-
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns
upon earth.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-
ultingly sing;

Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah
is King!

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to
nation,

The heart-cheering news let the earth
echo round.

How free to the faithful He offers
salvation,

How His people with joy everlasting
are crown'd.

Shout, &c.

- 3 Children, your homage be gratefully bringing;
And sweet let the glad some Hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout, &c.

W. A. MULENBERG.

87.87.77.

- 62 "A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free, and knows no end
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
Christ the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love, indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends;
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought
We will love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON.

87.87.87.87.

- 63 "The Saviour of the world."—1 John iv. 14.

- 1 OH! what has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me, my Saviour.
My sins were great: His love was free:
He died for me, my Saviour.
Exalted by the Father's side,
He pleads for me,—my Saviour:
A heavenly mansion He'll provide
For all who love the Saviour.
Jesus, dear Jesus,
Thy name is sweet,—my Saviour;
When shall I see Thee face to face,
My wondrous, blessed Saviour?

- 2 To my weak steps He doth g
He watcheth me,—my Sav
He helpeth me in every nee
He loveth me,—my Savio
He heareth, and doth answ
To my poor prayer,—my
And He will keep unto the
The child that trusts his S
Jesus, &c,

JOHN

1111.1111.

- 64 "The Lord is very pitiful v. 11.

- 1 THE blossoms are bright
of the spring,
Her minstrelstheir chorus
'Twas Jesus who made them
so free,
And this great Creator hat
- 2 The clouds of the sunset ar
gold,
The stars in a pathway o
'Twas Jesus who made th
ously bright,
And children should live a
- 3 When He was on earth, h
and the poor
Sought blessings unnum
His boundless store;
The same as He was, stil
will be,
His mercies are countles
- 4 He suffered, He died, but
the grave;
How mighty to ransom, l
Are we 'mongst the cap
Christ has made free
Still lingers His pity for
- 5 Oh! why should the trife
of earth
Entangle a spirit of heav
Christ waits to be graciou
to redeem
And none e'er repent it w

87.87.87.87.

- 65 "Thou art worthy, O I glory and honour."—Re

- 1 MIGHTY God, while
Thee
May a mortal sing Th
Lord of men as well as a
Thou art every creatu

every land and nation,
 nt of eternal days,
 i through the wide creation,
 y just and endless praise.
 grandeur of Thy nature—
 beyond a seraph's thought;
 wonders of creation,
 s with skill and kindness
 ight;
 7 providence that governs
 gh Thine empire's wide do-
 n,
 an angel, guides a sparrow;
 ed be Thy gentle reign.
 y rich, Thy free redemption,
 t, though veiled in darkness
 t,
 t is poor, and poor expression;
 can sing that wondrous song?
 ess of the Father's glory,
 Thy praise unuttered lie?
 ny tongue, such guilty silence,
 he Lord who came to die.
 he highest throne of glory,
 s cross of deepest woe,
 dst stoop to ransom captives,
 my praise, for ever flow.
 nd, immortal Saviour!
 Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
 return, and reign for ever,
 e kingdom all Thine own.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

666.666.

joice in the Lord alway.—Phil.
 iv. 4.

[EN morning gilds the skies
 My heart awaking cries,
 ay Jesus Christ be praised:
 at work and prayer,
 sus I repair;
 lay Jesus Christ be praised.
 ee, O God above,
 with glowing love,
 lay Jesus Christ be praised:
 song of sacred joy,
 zer seems to cloy:
 lay Jesus Christ be praised.
 sadness fill my mind?
 ace here I find,
 lay Jesus Christ be praised:
 ies my earthly bliss!
 omfort still is this,
 lay Jesus Christ be praised.

4 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The powers of darkness fear
 When this sweet chant they hear:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
 My silent spirit sighs
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 Be this the eternal song,
 Through all the ages on,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

LATIN *fr.* by E. CASWALL.

67 1010.1111.
"He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

1 SWEET praises I sing in hymns to
 the Lord:
 My Saviour and King, Jehovah adored;
 Who fixed earth's foundation, who
 formed the deep sea,
 Who spake the creation, yet "careth
 for me."

2 When throned high above He saw my
 sad state, [fate;
 He came down in love and averted my
 On Calvary's mountain methinks I can
 see [forth for me.
 The blood-gushing fountain that flows

3 Though poor my estate, though humble
 my name, [same:
 He cares not for that, He loves me the
 While breasting life's ocean, though
 fierce the waves be, [me."
 In storm or commotion "He careth for

4 My road may be long, dark sorrow
 betide, [Guide:
 I'll cheerfully travel while He is my
 He knows all my weakness, what'er
 it may be, for me."
 In toil, pain, and sickness "He careth

5 Then raise, O my tongue, a song to His
 name; [proclaim:
 In notes loud and long His goodness
 While birds in the forest, with earth,
 sky, and sea, [voice,
 All join in the chorus "He careth for

C.M.

68 "Oh that men would praise the Lord
for His goodness!"—Ps. cvii. 31.

1 COME, happy children, come and
raise,

Your voice with one accord;
Come sing a cheerful song of praise,
And bless your Saviour Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who pardons all your sin,
And says that such as seek His face
Shall life eternal win.

3 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And praise and glory give
To him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who, with His own right arm,
Upholds and keeps you every hour,
And shields your souls from harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His name,
And Jesus Christ adore;
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise Him evermore.

76.76.76.76.

69 "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms."
—Jas. v. 13.

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day:
For those who here confess Him
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless Him
He will for ever bless.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

1210.1210.1210.1210.

70 "The praise of the glory of His
grace."—Ephes. i. 6.

1 PRAISE Him, praise Him—Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer,

Sing, O earth, His wonderful love
proclaim!

Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-
angels in glory, [name]

Strength and honour give to His holy
Like a shepherd Jesus will guard His
children, [song]

In His arms He carries them all day
O ye saints that dwell on the moun-
tains of Zion, [ful song]

Praise Him, praise Him ever in joy—

2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer,

For our sins He suffered and bled
and died; [tion]

He, our rock, our hope of eternal salva-
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the
Crucified. [sorrow]

Loving Saviour, meekly [enduring
Crowned with thorns that cruelly
pierced His brow;

Once for us rejected, despised, and
forsaken, [now]

Prince of glory, He is triumphant

3 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer,

Heavenly portals, loud with Hosan-
nas ring, [ever]

Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and
Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet
and Priest and King.

Death is vanquished! tell it with joy,
ye faithful, [grave]

Where now is thy victory, boasting
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are
cheerless, [to save]

Jesus lives, the mighty and strong
FAIRY CROSBY.

77.77.77.

71 "By Him let us offer the sacrifice of
praise to God continually."—Heb.
xiii. 15.

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine.
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering upon every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.

65.65.65.65.

2 "A name that is above every name."—
Phil. ii. 9.

1 **A**T the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 **A**t His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 **H**umbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed :

4 **N**ame Him, brothers, name Him
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

5 **I**n your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 **B**rothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

664.6664.

73 "Worthy is the Lamb."—Rev. v. 12.

1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let earth to heaven reply,
Praise ye His name,
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And praise Him evermore :
Worthy the Lamb !

2 **W**hile they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name ;
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad :
Worthy the Lamb !

3 **J**oin, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name :
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 **T**hough we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name :

To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

- 5 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name :
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity :
Worthy the Lamb!

JAMES ALLEN.

C.M.

74 "And thou shalt call His name
Jesus."—Matt. i. 21.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

C.M.

75 "Thy name is as ointment poured
forth."—Song Sol. i. 3.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy best name,
O Saviour of mankind!

- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this—
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD.

C.M.

76 "But was in all points tempted as we
are."—Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain deliverance
In the distressing hour.

ISAAC WATTS.

77.75.

77 "Jesus, have mercy on me."—Mark
x. 47.

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
— Jesus, hear and save!
- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled ;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, the King of kings ;
Jesus, hear and save !

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men ;
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save !

REGINALD HEBER.

76.76.76.76.

78 " *Thou shalt call His name Jesus.*
Matt. i. 21.

1 I LOVE the name of Jesus,
The name the angels sing,
And with their loud hosannas
The heavenly portals ring.
To Him my all confiding,
In Him my joy complete,
I learn with Christian meekness,
My duty at His feet.

I love the name of Jesus,
The sweetest name,
The name the angels sing.

2 I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days,—
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways !
I love the name, &c.

3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne ;
O may His Spirit help me
To live for Him alone.
To labour for my Saviour
My greatest joy shall be,—
I know that Jesus loves me
Because He died for me.
I love the name, &c.

87.87.87.87.

79 " *The love which passeth knowledge.*"—Eph. iii. 19.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart,

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise,

CHARLES WESLEY.

C.M.

80 " *Suffer the little children to come.*"—
Mark x. 14.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !

2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;"
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

65.65.65.65.

81 " *The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*"—Luke xix. 10.

1 THE Saviour is loving,
The Saviour is kind,
He came down from heaven.
The lost ones to find ;
He never refuseth,
Or sendeth away,
The soul which returneth,
No longer to stray.

2 How many dear children
Have leant on His breast ;
How many dear children
His name have confessed :

Believing and happy
His goodness to prove,
And know, in the glory,
How great was His love.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

77.77.

82 "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."—Heb. 1. 8.

- 1 LET us sing with one accord,
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise
Hearts and voices let us raise.
- 2 He hath made us by His power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He re-leems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save.
- 3 What He bids us, let us do;
Where He leads us, let us go;
As He loves us, let us love
All below, and all above.
- 4 Angels praise Him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.
- 5 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer;
Children's hearts to Him are dear;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

DOROTHY THURPP.

5610.5510.

83 "The fairest among ten thousand."—Song of Sol. v. 10.

- 1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
Jesus of God and of Mary the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honour,
Thee, my delight and my glory and crown.
- 2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of spring.
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.
- 3 Fair is the moonshine,
Fairer still the sunlight,
Than all the starry celestial host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer, [boast.
Than all the angels that heaven can
CRUSADERS' HYMN, tr. from the OLD
GERMAN.

84

O.M.

"Hosanna!"—Matt. xxi. 15.

- 1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son-and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongues
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Master; lo we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 5 O Saviour, 'f, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

76.76.76.76.

85 "I will praise Thy name for Thy loving-kindness."—Ps. cxxxviii. 2.

- 1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King:
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.
- 2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King.
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.
- 3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.
- 4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

J. L. DANIEL.

1010.1111.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. vi. 19.

1 LET children proclaim
Their Saviour and King;
To Jesu's great name,
Hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration
To Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation
For us to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God
From heaven came down,
To ransom with blood,
And make us His own:
And Him without ceasing
We all shall proclaim,
And ever be blessing
Our Jesu's great name.

3 To Him will we give
Our earliest days,
And thankfully live
To publish His praise:
Our lives shall confess Him
Who came from above:
Our tongues ever bless Him,
And tell of His love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

76.76.76.76.

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."—Matt. xxi. 9.

WHEN His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
For did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
When since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill,
E'll flock around His banner
Who sit upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna!
To David's royal Son!

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.

But should we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

JOSHUA KING.

76.76.76.76.

88 "Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. xxi. 9.

1 HOSANNA! loud hosanna!
The little children sang:
Through pillared court and temple
The glorious anthem rang;
To Jesus who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
Midst an exultant crowd,
Waving the victor palm branch,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus
Beyond the cloudless sky—
"Hosanna in the highest:
Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh! may we ever praise Him
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

J. THERLHALL.

1010.1010.

89 "The children, crying in the temple,
and saying, Hosanna."—Matt. xxi. 15.

1 HOSANNA we sing, like the children
In the olden days when the Lord lived
here;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- He blessed little children, and smiled
on them, [Jerusalem.
When they chanted His praise in
2 Alleluia we sing, like the children
bright [raiment white;
With their harps of gold and their
As they follow their Shepherd with
loving eyes [paradise.
Through the beautiful valleys of
3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to
hear; [wax cold
We know that His heart will never
To the lambs that He feeds in His
earthly fold.
4 Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such
grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song
of heaven.

G. S. HODGES.

C.M.

- 90 "I am a little child: I know not how to
go out, or come in."—1 Kings iii. 7.
1 YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy-seat.
2 For when their feeble hands were
spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said:
And so He says to me.
3 Though now He is not here below,
But on His heavenly hill,
To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still
4 Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled:
Oh, then He will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.
5 If babes, so many years ago,
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.
6 Then while, this favour to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

JANE TAYLOR.

- 118.118.
91 "Jesus called
Him."—M
1 I THINK, when
story of old,
When Jesus was
How He called litt
to His fold,
I should like to l
I wish that His h
on my head,
That His arm
And that I might
look when He
Let the little or
2 Yet still to His f
may go,
And ask for a sl
And if I now earne
I shall see Him
In that beautiful
prepare,
For all that are y
And many dear c
there,
For of such is th
3 But thousands f
wander and f
Never heard of
I should like the
room for ther
And that Jesus l
I long for the joy
The sweetest, t
When the dear lit
clime
Shall crowd to
blest.
77
92 "Of such is th
Matt.
1 SWEET the less
When to l
brought
Babes for whom t
Lit
2 Jesus did not ans
Bid them come a
Jesus did not tur
Lit
3 No, my Saviour's
Softly on each in
Jesus, when He t
Le

4 Babes may still His blessing share;
Lambs are His peculiar care;
He will in His bosom bear
Little ones, like me.

6 Saviour, on my infant head
Let Thy gracious hand be laid,
While I do as Thou hast said,
Coming unto Thee.
JANE E. LEESON.

76.76.76.76.

93 "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—
Matt. xxi. 16.

1 **W**E bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise,
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary,
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We'll hope to meet again;
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy name.

MISS PHILLIPS.

67.85.88.11.

94 "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—
Matt. xxi. 16.

1 **W**HEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
Suffer little children to come unto
Me.

2 For I will receive them,
And fold them in My bosom;

I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
O drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto
Me.

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome;
But there are many thousands
Who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
Suffer little children to come unto
Me.

4 O soon may the heathen,
Of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessed word,
And cast their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love,
Teach the little children to come
unto Thee.

W. M. HUTCHINGS.

C.M.

95 "I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John xiv. 6.

1 **T**HOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

76.76.76.76.

96 "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory."—Jas. ii. 1.

1 **W**E sing a loving Jesus
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love:
It is an oft-told story,
Aid yet we love to tell

How Christ, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

- 2 We sing a holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless child:
O teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek,
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.
- 3 We sing a lowly Jesus,
No kingly crown He had;
His heart was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad;
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do;
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too.
- 4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed.
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and Life-giver,
We praise Thy holy name!
- 5 We sing a coming Jesus;
The time is drawing near,
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear;
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee,
And see Thee face to face.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

10.6.10.6.

97 "The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 THERE is no love like the love of
Jesus,
Never to fade or fall.
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.
- 2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
Not a throb nor throe our hearts can
know,
But He suffered before.
- 3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing far away;
Never out of sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Ah! how sweet its chime!
Like the musical ring of some rushing
spring
In the summer time.

5 Might we hear that sweet voice of Jesus,
O might we never roam
Till our souls should rest in peace on
His breast,
In the heavenly home.

W. K. LITTLEWOOD.

10.8.10.8.88.

98 "Though He was rich, yet for your
sakes He became poor."—

2 Cor. viii. 9.

1 THOU didst leave Thy throne and
thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me:
But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth Thou didst come to
earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds
had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with
crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring and
her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,

ice call me home, saying,
e is room,
om at My side for thee :
to my heart, Lord Jesus.
is room in my heart for
.

Y ELIZABETH ELLIOTT.

87.87.
he Good Shepherd."—John
x. 11.

ever kindest shepherd
o gentle, half so sweet,
ur who would have us
gather round His feet ?
ome for the sinner,
graces for the good ;
cy with the Saviour,
aling in His blood.

tiful redemption
d that has been shed ;
for all the members
ows of the Head.
of God is broader
neasures of man's mind :
rt of the Eternal
nderfully kind.

ere but more simple,
take Him at His word ;
s would be all sunshine
etness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

87.87.87.87.
things were written of
"—John xii. 16.
range and wondrous story
the book of God is read,
d of life and glory
here to lay His head ;
His throne in heaven,
ffer, bleed, and die,
might be forgiven,
l to God on high.

the hand which gave me
ealth, and all things here,
ho died to save me,
l be very dear.
my Lord, and Saviour,
ungrateful be ;
s and my behaviour
re and honour Thee.

thy Holy Spirit
a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit
Glory, where He reigns above.
There with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His name.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

65.65.65.65.

101 "The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

1 HOW kind is the Saviour !
How great is His love !
To bless little children
He came from above :
He left holy angels,
And their bright abode,
To dwell here with children,
And teach them the road.

2 He wept in the garden,
And died on the tree,
To open a fountain,
For sinners like me :
His blood is that fountain,
Which pardon bestows,
And cleanseth the foulest
Wherever it flows.

3 He went back to glory,
But left us His word,
Which oft from our teachers
And pastors we've heard.
He sends forth His Spirit,
Our hearts to inflame
With joy in His service,
And love to His name.

4 O, help us, blest Jesus,
More sweetly to praise,
And walk in Thy footsteps
The rest of our days ;
Then raise us, dear Saviour ;
To taste of Thy love,
And praise Thee for ever
With children above.

E. F. HUGHES.

1111.1111.

102 "Who loved me and gave Himself
for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

1 HOW loving is Jesus, who came from
the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die !
His hands and His feet were nailed to
the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and
for me.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their
No evil befalls them, their home is
above, [of His love.
And Jesus throws round them the arms
- 3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they
receive!
When weak He supports them, when
erring He guides, [provides.
And everything needful He kindly
- 4 O give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed who walk in His
ways:
In life and in death He will still be
your Friend, [the end.
For those whom He loves He loves to

103 664.664.
"Come into the ark."—Gen. vii. 1.

- 1 THERE was a noble ark
Sailing o'er waters dark;
And wide around,
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green,
All, all was drowned.
- 2 Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.
- 3 So to the ark she sped,
With weary drooping head,
To seek for rest.
Christ is thine ark, my love;
Thou art the tender dove,
Fly to His breast.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

C.M.
104 "Jesus increased in wisdom and
stature, and in favour with God and
man."—Luke ii. 52.

- 1 I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.
- 2 He kept His Father's word of tru'h,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the paths of
youth,
He walked in wisdom too.

- 3 I love to think that He who spake,
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.
- 4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.
- 5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens, so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.
- 6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.
64.64.6664.

105 "Where two or three are gathered
together in My name, there am I in
the midst of them."—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 JESUS, we love to meet
Where Thou art near;
We worship round Thy seat
With holy fear.
Thou tender heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend;
To us draw near.
- 2 We dare not trifle now,
For Thou art here;
In silent awe we bow,
For Thou art here.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought;
To us be near.
- 3 We listen to Thy word
When Thou art near:
Bless all, and fill our hearts
With holy fear.
Go with us when we part;
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart;
Jesus, be near. E. PARSON.

87.87.47.

106 "And a little child shall lead them."
—Isa. xl. 6.

- 1 LITTLE children, praise the Saviour,
He regards you from above,
Praise Him for His great salvation;
Praise Him for His precious love;
Sweet Hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing,

When He left His home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

Sweet Hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing.

When the anxious mothers round Him,
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

Sweet Hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing.

Up in yonder spirit-regions,
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand,
Sing His praises through the sky.

Sweet Hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing.

Little children, praise the Saviour;
Praise Him, our undying Friend;
Praise Him till in heaven we meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.

Sweet Hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing.

76.76.

07 "Behold the Lamb of God."—
John i. 20.

1 O LAMB of God most lowly!
All free from spot and stain,
Oh help us now to seek Thee,
And sing Thy praise again.

2 O Lamb of God most holy!
So great and yet so meek,
May we when pride allures us,
Thy lowly spirit seek.

3 O Lamb of God most gentle!
And yet so good and true,
May we when passion tempts us,
Thy gentleness pursue.

4 O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

W. P. BALFERN.

99.99.

08 "Christ is all and in all."—Col.
iii. 11.

R EST of the weary, Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary, Light of the
glad;

Home of the stranger, Strength to the
end; [Friend,

Refuge from danger, Saviour and

2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry;
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high.
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

77.77.

109 "Foxes have holes, and the birds of
the air have nests, but the Son of
man hath not where to lay His head."—
Luke ix. 58.

1 CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die;
How I wonder, when I see
His unbounded love to me!

3 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

4 Every bird can build its nest;
Foxes have their place of rest;
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay His head.

5 He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I.
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity. J. BUCKWORTH.

87.87.

110 "Giving thanks always for all
things."—Ephes. v. 20.

1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore Thee,
Sing Thy name in hymns of praise.

2 O what debtors to Thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 Jesus, on Thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life when we are dying, (fall
Be our strength when strength shall

- 4 Let us climb the hills of glory,
Far from sins, and woes, and pains;
There in perfect songs adore Thee,
And in everlasting strains.

836.886.

111 "Jesus called a little child unto Him."—Matt. xviii. 2.

- 1 AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold

Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

- 2 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His "little one."

- 3 And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day,
To cleanse the "little one."

- 4 Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
"Lord, keep Thy little one."

- 5 Then by this gracious Shepherd fed
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run;
My greatest pleasure will be this:
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the "little one."

A. M. HULL.

1110.1110.

112 "A tribute of a freewill offering."—Deut. xvi. 10.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we gather, our tribute
to bring, [of spring,
The offerings of love, like the blossoms
Our gracious Redeemer! we gratefully
raise [great praise.
Our hearts and our voices to hymn Thy
Hallelujah! Hosanna to the Lord!

- 2 When stooping to earth from the
brightness of heaven, [was given,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely

Thou deignedst to listen while ~~chil~~
dren adored, [the Lord
With joyful hosannas the bless'd
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Those arms which embraced ~~little~~
children of old, [fold;
Still love to encircle the lambs of the
That grace which inviteth the wander-
ing home, [come.
Hath never forbidden the youngest to
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we
raise [Thy praise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning
For precept and promise so graciously
given, [heaven.
For blessings of earth and the glories of
Hallelujah, &c.

77.77.77.

113 "Hosanna in the highest."—Mark xi. 10.

- 1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children too of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while, &c.

- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! while, &c.

- 4 We who sing His praise below,
All the joys of heaven may know:
Let us seek to perfect there
Songs of praise we practise here.
Hark! while, &c.

J. HENLEY.

NATIVITY.

C.M.

114 "I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke ii. 10.

- 1 HARK the glad sound the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

the prisoners to release,
 's bondage held;
 of brass before Him burst,
 fetters yield.

the broken heart to bind,
 thing soul to cure.
 the treasures of His grace
 h the humble poor.

iosannas, Prince of Peace,
 come shall proclaim;
 n's eternal arches ring
 y beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1010.1010.1010.
"ng you good tidings."—Luke
 ii. 10.

ANS, awake, salute the
 py morn, [born;
 he Savi'ur of mankind was
 re the mystery of love,
 its of angels chanted from

[begun,
 u the joyful tidings first
 arnate and the Virgin's Son.

e watchful shepherds it was
 ["Behold,

the angelic herald's voice,
 tidings of a Saviour's birth
 all the nations upon earth;
 ath God fulfilled His pro-
 word, [Lord."

born a Saviour, Christ the
 and straightway the cele-
 st, [conspire;

of joy, unknown before,
 s of redeeming love they
 [Julias rang:

en's whole orb with alle-
 est glory was their anthem
 [good will."

on earth, and unto men
 em straight the enlightened
 rds ran, [man,

wonder God had wrought for
 yful tidings they proclaim,
 ostles of the Saviour's name.

stir flocks, still praising God,
 [ture burn.

glad hearts with holy rap-
 eep and ponder in our mind,
 rous love in saving lost

id; [our loss,
 s babe, who hath retrieved

From the poor manger to the bitter
 cross; [grace,
 Tread in His steps, assisted by His
 Till man's first heavenly state again
 takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
 among [song;

To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal
 Het that was born upon this joyful day.

Around us all His glory shall display;
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall
 sing, [King.

Eternal praise to heaven's almighty
 JOHN BYROM.

1110.1110.

116 "*We have seen His star in the east.*"
 —Matt. ii. 2.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of
 the morning, [Thine aid!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is
 laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
 shining, [the stall;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of
 Angels adore Him in slumber re-
 clining— [all!

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly
 devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
 the ocean, [the mine?
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour
 secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the
 poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning, [Thine aid!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is
 laid!

REGINALD HEBER.

C.M., eight lines.

117 "*Unto you is born this day in the
 city of David, a Saviour which is
 Christ the Lord.*"—Luke ii. 11.

1 WHILE shepherds watch their
 flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

- 2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed, [bands,
All meanly wrapped in swathing
And in a manger laid."

- 3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace: [men
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin and never cease."

NAHUM TATE.

C.M., eight lines.

- 118 "I heard the voice of many angels."
—Rev. v. 11.

- 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they
With peaceful wings unfurled; [come
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hallowed wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The words of peace they bring:—
Oh! listen now; ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

- 4 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;

Look now! for glad
Come swiftly on t
Oh! rest beside the
And hear the ang
5 For lo! the days ar
By prophet-bards
When with the eve
Comes round the
When peace shall o
Its ancient splen
And the whole worl
Which now the a
EDMUND H

77.77 77

- 119 "Glory to God
Luke ii

1 HARK! the hera
Glory to the
Peace on earth, an
God and sinners re
Joyful all ye natio
Join the triumph
With the angelic h
Christ is born in B
Hark! the heral
Glory to the new

2 Christ, by highest
Christ, the everlas
Late in time, behol
Offspring of a virg
Velled in flesh the
Hail the Incarnate
Pleased as Man wi
Jesus our Immanu
Hark! the heral

3 Hail the heaven-bo
Hail the Sun of Ri
Light and life to al
Risen with healing
Lo! He lays His g
Born, that man n
Born, to raise the
Born, to give then
Hark! the heral

4 Come, Desire of N
Fix in us Thy hun
Rise, the woman's
Bruise in us the ac
Sing we then, wit
Glory to the new
Glory in the high
Peace on earth, a
Hark! the heral

87.87.
*shall save His people from
 heir sins.*—Matt. i. 21.
 what mean those holy voices,
 eetly sounding through the
 ngelic host rejoices, [skies ;
 ly alleluia rise,
 the wondrous story,
 they chant in hymns of joy ;
 the highest, glory ;
 e to God most high.
 earth, good-will from heaven,
 ig far as man is found ;
 eemed, and sins forgiven,
 ur golden harps shall sound.
 born, the great Anointed,
 and earth His glory sing ;
 whom God appointed
 ur Prophet, Priest and King.
 nortals, to adore Him ;
 His name, and taste His joy ;
 aven you sing before Him,
 e to God most high.
 rn the wondrous story
 great Redeemer's birth ;
 e brightness of His glory,
 over all the earth.

JOHN CAWOOD.

87.87.
*d thou, Bethlehem, in the land
 udah, art not the least among
 rinces of Judah.*—Matt. ii. 6.
 has many a noble city ;
 lehem, thou dost all excel :
 ee the Lord from heaven
 , rule His Israel.
 in the sun at morning
 e star that told His birth,
 rld its God announcing
 fleshly form on earth.
 ages at His cradle
 lations rich and rare ;
 give, in deep devotion,
 id frankincense, and myrrh.
 ts of mystic meaning :
 doth their God disclose,
 king of kings proclaimeth,
 His sepulchre foreshows.
 om the Gentiles worshipped
 glad Epiphany,
 e with God the Father
 , Spirit, glory be.

EDWARD CASWALL.

8336.8336.
 122“*Unto us a child is born.*”—Isa. ix. 6.
 1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear, far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices ; [ing,
 “ Christ is born !” their choirs are sing-
 Till the air everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.
 2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
 Of His birth, who the earth
 Rescues from her sorrow.
 God to wear our form descendeth,
 Of His grace to our race,
 Here His Son He lendeth.
 3 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
 Flee from woe and danger ; [you,
 Brethren, come from all that grieves
 You are freed ; all you need
 Here your Saviour gives you.
 4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
 Here let all, great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder.
 Love Him who with love is yearning :
 Hail the Star, that from far,
 Bright with hope is burning.
 GERHARDT, tr. by G. WINKWORTH.

83.103.

123“*Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
 swaddling clothes.*”—Luke ii. 12.
 1 THERE came a little child to earth,
 Long ago : [birth,
 And the angels of God proclaimed His
 High and low.
 2 Out in the night so calm and still,
 Their song was heard ;
 For they knew that the child on Bethle-
 Was Christ the Lord. [hem's hill
 3 Far away in a goodly land,
 Fair and bright,
 Children with crowns of glory stand,
 Robed in white.
 4 They sing, the Lord of heaven so fair
 A child was born ; [share
 And that they might His crown of glory
 Wore crown of thorn.
 5 In mortal weakness, want, and pain,
 He came to die, [glory reign
 That the children of earth might in
 With Him on high.
 6 And evermore, in robes so fair
 And undefiled, [declare
 Those ransomed children His praise
 Who once was a child.
 EMILY S. ELLIOTT.

IRREGULAR.

124 "Let us now go even unto Bethle-
hem."—Luke ii. 15.

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

2 True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father,
Lo! He comes to save us;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

3 Raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of exultation, [praise,
Sing in loud anthems His glorious
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

4 Amen, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus, for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord. BONAVENTURE (P).

76.76.76.76.

125 "I have given you an example."
—John xiii. 15.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,

He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

I love to hear the story, &c.

EMILY H. MILLAR.

87.87.47.

126 "Let all the angels of God worship
Him."—Heb. i. 6.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to bitter pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

77.77.77.

127 "When they saw the star they
rejoiced with exceeding great joy."
—Matt. ii. 10.

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

C.M.

128 " *They presented unto Him gifts.*"
—Matt. ii. 11.

- 1 WITH gold, and frankincense, and
The eastern sages came, [myrrh,
To worship Him, the wondrous babe
Foretold of Bethlehem.
- 2 A better offering we can bring—
Our hearts, our earliest love ;
We'll tune our lips His praise to sing,
Who left His throne above.
- 3 For us He came, we read His word,
We learn His happy ways ;
We own Him for our gracious Lord,
We celebrate His praise.
- 4 He from His high exalted seat
Will listen while we sing ;
With joy His wonders we repeat ;
Hosanna to our King !

C.M.

129 " *O send out Thy light and Thy
truth : let them lead me.*"—

Ps. xliii. 3.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that
With mild benignant ray, [led,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode ; [night,
It shines through sin and sorrow's
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

HARRIETT AUBER.

65.65.65.65.

130 " *They rejoiced with exceeding
great joy.*"—Matt. ii. 10.

1 IN the wintry heaven
Shines a wondrous star ;
In the East the wise men
Watched it from afar ;
Asking, "What this lustre,
So unearthly bright ?"
Answering, "Christ in glory,
Comes to earth to-night."

2 O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East, the wise men,
Watch it shining clear ;
Asking, "Shall we follow
In this starlight way ?"
Answering, "Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

3 In a lowly manger,
Lies an Infant weak ;
It is He whom wise men
Come so far to seek ?
Asking, "Where the Monarch ?
Where Judea's King ?"
Saying, "Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring."

4 In our hearts, we children,
See this star once more ;
Not as wise men saw it,
In the days of yore ;
Asking, "May we bring Him
Childhood's love to-day ?"
Answering, "Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may."

87.87.

131 " *Waiting for the Consolation of
Israel.*"—Luke ii. 25.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

132 CAROL FOR THE NATIVITY.

- 1 SILENT Night! holy Night!
Slumber reigns, soft and light,
Only watch the wondering pair
O'er the Babe in the manger there,
Prince anointed of heaven,
Prince anointed of heaven.
- 2 Starry Night! lustrous Night!
Shepherd swains, on the height,
Hear the Hallelujah sound
Sung by angel hosts around,
Christ the Saviour is given,
Christ the Saviour is given.
- 3 Gentle Night! beauteous Night!
Son of God! oh how bright
Love o'erspreads Thy heavenly face,
Radiant pledge of mercy and grace!
Sing we Jesus is born!
Sing we Jesus is born!
- 4 Christmas Night! jubilant Night!
Evermore with delight
Human hearts that wearily yearn,
Hail with joy thy happy return
Till the eternal morn,
Till the eternal morn.

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

133 CHRISTMAS CAROL.

- 1 THERE dwell in old Judæa
A maiden fair to see;
The mother mild, and undefiled,
Of a blessed babe was she.
Oh, Noël, sing Noël,
And merry be alway; [morn
For Christ was born in the early
All on a Christmas Day.
- 2 And as the infant Jesus
Lay on His lowly bed,

- A circle bright of heaven
Shone round about His
Oh, No
- 3 The shepherds bowed befo
While angels swift did
On best employ, with son
To fill the starry sky.
Oh, No
- 4 For this was Prince Emm
Who laid aside His crow
And all to win our souls fr
Unto the earth came do
Oh, No
- 5 Now, God, my dear Redee
I give my heart to Thee
For, by my word, this lovi
Shall be the Lord of me.
Oh, No

R. R. I

HIS LIFE AND EXAL L.M.

134 "Who did no sin, neither found in His mouth."

- 1 HOW beauteous were
divine
That in Thy meekness use
That lit Thy lonely pathwa
In wondrous love, O Lamb
- 2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm
Thou Son of Man, Thou Lig
Oh, who like Thee did ever
So patient through a world
- 3 Oh, who like Thee so hum
The scorn, the scoffs of me
So meek, forgiving, Godlik
So glorious in humility!
- 4 E'en death, which sets the pr
Was pain, and scoff, and sec
Yet love through all Th
glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-bl
- 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine t
Illumine all my way of wo
And give me ever on the r
To trace Thy footsteps, Sor

ARTHUR CLEVELAND

76.76.76.76.

135 "He also Himself lik part of the same."—1.

- 1 COME, praise your Lord a
In strains of holy mimi
Give thanks to Him, O chil
Who lived a child on ear

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

the little children,
led them to His side,
His arms embraced them,
for their sake He died.

(BOYS ONLY.)
We would praise Thee
in songs of holy joy,
on earth didst sojourn
and spotless boy.
like Thee, obedient,
free, from sin-stains free,
in God's own temple,
very home like Thee.

(GIRLS ONLY.)
We too praise Thee,
O maiden's son :
Thou gentlest graces
hast herded into one.
That best adornment
Christian maid can wear,
Thy quiet spirit
shone in Thee so fair.

(ALL.)
With voices blended
our songs of praise :
the light and pattern
of our childhood's days :
as ever onward,
while we stay below,
like Thee, O Jesu,
thy love and wisdom grow.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

C.M.
ce, be still."—Matt. iv. 39.
LE ship was on the sea,
as a pretty sight ;
along so pleasantly,
was calm and bright.
A storm began to rise,
and grew loud and strong ;
he clouds across the skies,
the waves along.
But One, were sore afraid
ling in the deep :
was on a pillow laid,
as was fast asleep.
We perish ; Master, save !
ried ; their Master heard ;
rebuked the wind and wave,
led them with a word.
The storm says, " Peace, be still ;"
ring billows cease ;
thy winds obey His will,
are hushed to peace.

6 O well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend ;
Whose care of those who trust His word,
Will never, never end.

DOROTHY A. THURPP.

L.M.

137 "*Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.*"—
Luke ii. 19.

1 JESUS a child His course begun ;
How radiant dawned His heavenly
day !

And those who such a course would run
As early should be on their way.

2 His Father's business was His care,
Yet in man's favour still He grew.
Oh may we learn by thought and
prayer,

Like Him a work of love to do.

3 For all mankind He came, and yet
Not children's visit would deny :
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In His last hour of agony.

4 O children, ask Him to impart
That spirit clear, that temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her child.

5 Bless Him, who said, " Of such as you
The Father's kingdom is," and still,
His yoke to bear, His work to do,
Study His life, and learn His will.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

87.87.87.87.

138 "*Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth.*"—1 Peter ii. 22.

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and
Saviour,

Once became a child like me ;
Oh that in my whole behaviour

He my pattern still may be !

All my nature is unholy,

Pride and passion dwell within ;

But the Lord was meek and lowly,

And was never known to sin.

2 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in His worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful

Of His precepts any more,

Idle, passionate, and fretful,

As I've often been before.

3 Lord, though now Thou art in glory,
We have Thine example still,

I can read Thy sacred story,
And obey Thy holy will.
Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
Here to learn what Thou hast taught.

JANE TAYLOR.

C.M.

139 "*Hosanna to the Son of David.*"—
Matt. xxi. 15.

1 **WHEN** Jesus left His Father's home
He chose a humble birth;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace,
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were His words and kind His
look,
When mothers round Him pressed,
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Salem rode
The children sang aloud, [strewed
For joy they plucked the palms, and
Their garments on the ground.

6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King,
Should we forget our Saviour's praise
The stones themselves would sing.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

86.86.88.

140 "*The disciple is not above his Master.*"—
—Luke vi. 40.

1 **AS** much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had,
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant
my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was His infant bed;
His home the mountain-cave;
He had not where to lay His head,
He borrowed e'en His grave;
Earth yielded Him no resting spot,—
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.

3 As much the world's good will
Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I
Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master
Why should I fear its frowns
Why should I seek for rest
Or sigh for brief renown?—
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right

C.M.

141 "*He was subject unto th*
Luke ii. 51.

1 **AS** to His earthly parents' h
Went down the Holy Chi
And found His Father's busine
Subjection meek and mild.

2 And as obedience all those ye
In lowly Nazareth,
Forsook Him not, but bore Hi
Obedient unto death:

3 So by Thy mercies teach us, I
Our sacrifice to bring.
Our treasure, heart, and life, a
To spread before our King.

4 Thy presence is our guiding s
We seek Thy holy hill;
Transform us, Lord, renew ou
To prove Thy perfect will.

HENRY AL

HIS DEATH.

L.M.

142 "*And the multitudes that*
fore, and that followed, ci
ing. Hosanna to the
David."—Matt. xxi. 1

1 **RIDE** on! ride on in majest
Hark! all the tribes Hosa
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy
With palms and scattered g
strowed.

Hosanna in the

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now
O'er captive death and conqu
Hosanna in the

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and we
To see the approaching sacrific
Hosanna in th

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Hosanna in the highest!

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and
reign.

Hosanna in the highest!

H. H. MILMAN.

C.M.

143 "*He was bruised for our iniquities.*"
— Isa. liii. 5.

1 THERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

C.M.

144 "*He hath borne our griefs, and carried
our sorrows.*"— Isa. liii. 4.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God!" He cries. All nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil asunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 "Tis finished!" now the ransom's paid;
"Receive My soul," He cries,
See where He bows His sacred head:
He bows His head and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN.

L.M.

145 "*God forbid that I should glory,
save in the cross.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with
light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

L.M.

146 "*The cross of our Lord Jesus
Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory
died,

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me
most,

I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all

ISAAC WATTS

C.M.

147 "A fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till the whole ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

WILLIAM COWPER.

65.65.

148 "The precious blood of Christ,"—
1 Pet. i. 19.

- 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!
- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;
- 5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
- 6 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise His precious blood.

ITALIAN, tr. by E. CASWELL.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.
76.76.76.76.

149 "This is the day which the Lord hath made."—Ps. cxviii. 24.

- 1 THE day of resurrection:
Earth! tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness!
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal—
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light:
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain,
His own *All Hail!*—and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend—
For Christ the Lord hath risen—
Our joy that hath no end.

J. DAMASCENUS, tr. by NEALE.

11.11.

150 "They came . . . bringing spices."—
Luke xxiv. 1.

- 1 SWEET spices they brought on their
star-lighted way, [of day.
And came to the grave by the dawning
- 2 "But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?" [weeping eyes stole.
They said, as the tears from their
- 3 The stone is removed, and the Saviour
is gone: [bath morn.
Oh, hail, ye disciples, this bright Sab-
- 4 May Christ now appear as to Mary He
came, [flame.
And fill every bosom with piety's
- 5 Then heaven's bright glories we soon
shall obtain, [and vain.
Nor Sabbaths, so peaceful, be useless

77.77.

151 "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke
xxiv. 34.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Who did, once upon the cross,
 Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss,
 Alleluia!
 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
 Alleluia!
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Alleluia!
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem an I save,
 Alleluia!
 3 But the pains which He endured,
 Alleluia!
 Our salvation hath procured:
 Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Alleluia!
 Where the angels ever sing,
 Alleluia!

1011.1111.1211.1011.

152 "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high, [not die.
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall
 Vain were the terrors that gather'd
 around Him, [and the grave;
 And short the dominion of death
 He burst from the fetters of darkness
 that bound Him, [save:
 Resplendent in glory to live and to
 Loud was the chorus of angels on
 high,— [not die.
 The Saviour hath risen, and man shall
 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
 The being He gave us death cannot
 destroy; [to-morrow,
 Sad were the life we may part with
 If tears were our birthright and
 death were our end; [of sorrow,
 But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley
 And bade us immortal to heaven
 ascend; [high,
 Lift then your voices in triumph on
 for Jesus hath risen, and man shall
 not die.

HENRY WARE.

3 87.87.77.

"He is risen."—Mark xvi. 6.
 [E is risen! He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice;
 hath burst His three days' prison!
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.

2 Come with high and holy gladness,
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay
 Not one touch of twilight sadness
 Dims the glorious morning ray
 Breaking o'er the purple east
 Symbol of our joyous feast.

3 He is risen! He is risen!
 He hath opened heaven's gate;
 We are free from sin's dark prison—
 Risen to a holier state;
 Soon a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.
 CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

77.77.

154 "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. xix. 6.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
 Christ hath broken every chain!
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah.

2 He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
 Now we sing our joyous lay.
 Hallelujah.

3 He, who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
 Hallelujah.

4 He, who slumbered in the grave,
 Is exalted now to save;
 Now through all the world it rings;
 He, the Lamb, is King of kings!
 Hallelujah.

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we, too, may enter heaven.
 Hallelujah.

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 Thee we sing by night and day.
 Hallelujah.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN tr. by C. WINKWORTH

77.77.77.77.

155 "The firstfruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. xv. 20

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day.
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your songs and triumphs high
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er.
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids Him rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save :
Where's thy victory, O grave ?
- 3 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !
Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven ;
Praise to Thee by both be given :
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the Resurrection, Thou !

CHARLES WESLEY.

78.78.

156 " *Why seek ye the living among the dead ?*"—Luke xxiv. 5.

- 1 JESUS lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us :
Jesus lives, and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
- 2 Jesus lives, henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal :
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 Jesus lives, for us He died ;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
- 4 Jesus lives, our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
- 5 Jesus lives, to Him the throne
Far above all power is given :
We shall go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

C. F. GELLERT.

77.77.77.77.

157 " *Lift up your heads, O ye gates.*"
—Ps. xxiv. 7.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies ;
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.
There for Him high triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;

Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

- 2 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
See, He lifts His hands above :
See, He shows the prints of love :
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.
- 3 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.
Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our head to-day,
See, Thy faithful servants see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.
- 4 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Ever upward let us move
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come
Hasting to our glorious home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S.M.

158 " *We have an advocate with the Father.*"—1 John ii. 1.

- 1 JESUS ascends on high,
And sits upon His throne ;
Angels and seraphs round Him fly,
And all His greatness own.
- 2 Still for the young He prays,
And blesses them above,
" Forbid them not," He kindly says,
And offers them His love.
- 3 His heart is still the same :
To Him may children fly,
His gracious promise still may claim
And on His word rely.
- 4 Jesus, accept our praise,
To Thee our youth be given :
Guide us through all our future days,
And make us heirs of heaven.

65.65.65.65.

159 " *He ascended up on high.*"—Eph.
iv. 8.

- 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,—
Opened for the King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

e King of glory,
king of Love,
p in triumph
throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King.

came to save us,
bled and died,
crowned with glory
Father's side;
ore to suffer;
more to die;
ng of glory,
up on high.
All His work is ended, &c.
for His children,
blessed place,
hem to glory,
g them His grace;
it home preparing,
ones for you;
er liveth
vesth too.
All His work is ended, &c.
ANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL:

66.66.83.
o is the King of Glory?"—
Ps. xxiv. 10.

gone up on high,
h a triumphant noise:
ions of the sky
im the angelic joys.
a earth, rejoice and sing,
ibe to glory's King.
he flesh below
He reigns above:
he nations know
sus' conquering love.
n earth, rejoice and sing,
ibe to glory's King.
to our great Lord
he Father given;
l hosts adored,
gns supreme in heaven:
n earth, rejoice and sing,
ibe to glory's King.

His holy seat
ars the righteous sway,
ben: ath His feet
ink and die away:
n earth, rejoice and sing,
'be to glory's King.

5 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join;
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
CHARLES WESLEY.

HIS SECOND ADVENT.

- 161 "I will come again."—John xiv. 3.
1 JESUS came (the heavens adoring),
Came with peace from realms on
high,
Jesus came for men's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.
2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care:
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.
3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.
4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts and dries our tears.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing years.
6 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay.
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawning of the day.

GODFREY THRING.

888.664.83.

- 162 "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."—
Matt. xxv. 6.
1 SLEEPERS, wake! a voice is calling;
It is the Watchman on the walls.
Thou city of Jerusalem!
For lo! the Bridegroom comes.
Arise, and take your lamps.
Hallelujah!
Awake! His kingdom is at hand!
Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord!
NICOLAI, tr. by W. BARTHOLOMEW.

C.M.

163 "And they sung a new song."—Rev. v. 9.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odour sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound:—
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,—
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

ISAAC WATTS.

CHILDREN'S LITANY.

164

777.6.

- 1 **J**ESU, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 Little lambs may come to Thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell;
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, ho'y Jesu.

- 6 Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 7 Once a child, so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear,
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 8 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 9 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray;
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 10 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 11 Make us brave without a fear;
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 12 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 13 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 14 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 15 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 16 Jesu, Son of God Most High,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 17 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 18 Jesu, whom we hope to see,
Calling us in heaven to be,
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, holy Jesu. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

The Holy Spirit.

86.84.

165 "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."—John xvi. 7.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

HARRIET AUBER.

77.77.77.

166 "He shall teach you all things."—John xiv. 26.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Loving Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;

Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

C.M.

167 "The Spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Tim. i. 7.

1 SPIRIT of Wisdom! guide Thine own
Who make Thee now their choice,
That they may never walk alone,
But hear Thy heavenly voice.

2 Spirit of Understanding! Light
That this world never saw!
Open their eyes to see aright
The wonders of Thy law.

3 Spirit of Counsel! 'neath the cloud
Of sorrow and dismay,
Cheer Thou their souls with anguish bowed,
And chase all doubt away.

4 Spirit of Strength! infuse Thy might,
Nerve Thy young soldiers' arms;
Temptation let them put to flight,
And banish hell's alarms.

5 Spirit of Knowledge! whose deep things
Are now but darkly shown;
Lead them on resurrection wings,
To know as they are known.

6 Spirit of Godliness! unfold
The joys of heavenly grace;
Give peace on earth—the bliss untold
Of saints who see Thy face.

- 7 Spirit of Holy Fear! inspire
Dread reverence of Thy name;
That we, with the celestial choir,
May praise Thee without blame.

J. H. BUTTERWORTH.
S.M.

168 "*The Spirit of truth.*"—John
xiv. 17.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
O hear an infant's prayer;
Stoop down and make my heart Thy
And shed Thy blessing there. [home,
2 Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee.
3 Let Thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To Thine eternal praise.

DOROTHY THURPP.

L.M.

169 "*Led by the Spirit of God.*"—Rom.
viii. 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly
dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy
Plant holy fear in every heart, [way:
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven—that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

SIMON BROWNE.

C.M.

170 "*If any man have not the Spirit
of Christ, he is none of His.*"—
Rom. viii. 9.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.
5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.
6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

- 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED.

C.M.

171 "*They spake as they were moved by
the Holy Ghost.*"—2 Pet. i. 21.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts in-
spire;
Let us Thine influences prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
4 God through Himself, we then shall
If Thou within us shine, [know,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Doxologies.

L.M.
'Hallelujah.'—Ps. c. 4.
 1 God, from whom all blessings
 m, all creatures here below;
 im above, ye heavenly host,
 ther, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 THOMAS KEN.

67.67.66.66.
'raise ye the name of the Lord.'—
 Ps. cxxxv. 1.
 ll men praise the Lord,
 worship lowly bending;
 most holy word,
 med from woe, depending.
 dous is and just;
 childhood us doth lead;
 1 we place our trust
 ope in time of need.
 nd praise to God—
 ther, Son, be given,
 the Holy Ghost,
 igh enthroned in heaven.
 o the Triune God;
 powerful arm and strong,
 ngeth night to day:
 3 Him with grateful song.
 M. RINCKART.

67.67.66.66.
*hout unto God with the voice of
 iumph.*—Ps. xlvii. 1.
 thank we all our God,
 ith heart, and hands, and
 voices,
 ondrus things hath done,
 om His world rejoices:
 m our mothers' arms
 blessed us on our way,
 untless gifts of love,
 till is ours to-day.
 his bounteous God
 gh all our life be near us,
 er joyful hearts
 deserved peace to cheer us;
 p us in His grace,
 uide us when perplexed,
 s us from all ills
 s worl and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven:
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

M. RINCKART.

77.77.
 175 "*The Lord bless thee, and keep
 thee.*"—Numb. vi. 24.

1 HOLY Father, hear my cry,
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh:
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
 2 Father, save me from my sin;
 Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!
 3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
 Saviour, fill me with Thy peace;
 Spirit, come my heart to move:
 Father, Son, and Spirit bless!
 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
 One-Jehovah, shed abroad
 All Thy grace within me now;
 Be my Father and my God.
 HORATIUS BONAR.

77.77.
 176 "*Out of the mouths of babes Thou
 hast perfected praise.*"—Matt.
 xxi. 16.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight His ear.
 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.
 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
 Be this day a Pentecost;
 Children's minds may He inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that, God is love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

55.88.55.

- 177 "The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity."—Isa. lvii. 15.

- 1 FATHER, throned on high,
Thou to us art nigh,
With the heavenly hosts before Thee,
We in spirit would adore Thee;
And with rapture raise
Hymns of love and praise.

- 2 O Eternal Word,
Our incarnate Lord,
We to Thee thanksgiving render—
Thee Thy people's strong Defender,
And as Sovereign own
None but Thee alone.

- 3 Spirit of all grace,
Source of holiness,
Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest
Tis by Thee we live:
Praise to Thee we give.

- 4 Had we angel-tongues,
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
Triune God, we would adore Thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

NYBERG and LATROBE.

777.5.

- 178 "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. iv. 8.

- 1 THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights! with morning shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let Charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

GILBERT RORISON.

87.87.47.

- 179 "Glory to God in the highest."—
Luke ii. 14.

- 1 GLORY be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!
- 3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring.
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal;
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion,
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 180 "The God of glory."—Acts vii. 2.

- 1 GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-
place,
While our feeble voices sing
Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings from Thy hand,
God of glory, God of grace, [place,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-
place.
- 2 God our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
God of glory, God of grace, [place,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-
place.
- 3 God the Saviour, Thee we bless,
For Thy life of righteousness;
For Thy cross and death of shame,
Infant voices bless Thy name.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Should our tongues no praises bring,
 Stones would find a voice to sing.
 God of glory, God of grace, [place.
 Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-</p> <p>4 God the Spirit, Thee we praise,
 For Thy sanctifying grace;
 For the new and tender heart
 Thou hast promised to impart;
 For the Word inspired by Thee,
 That reveals eternity.</p> | <p>God of glory, God of grace, [place
 Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-</p> <p>5 Great Eternal, Three in One,
 Hear, O hear us from Thy throne.
 We are children of a day,
 Like the flowers we pass away;
 Yet Thy power can bid us rise
 To adorn a paradise.
 God of glory, God of grace, [place
 Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling</p> |
|---|--|

Means of Grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">C.M.</p> <p>181 "<i>Thou hast magnified Thy word.</i>"—
 Ps. cxxxviii. 2.</p> <p>1 GREAT God, with wonder and with
 On all Thy works I look; [praise
 But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
 Shine brightest in Thy book.</p> <p>2 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies,
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.</p> <p>3 Lord, make me understand Thy law;
 Show what my faults have been;
 And from Thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.</p> <p>4 Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heavenly wonders tell.</p> <p>5 Then let me love the Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">ISAAC WATTS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C.M.</p> <p>182 "<i>Thy word is a light unto my
 path.</i>"—Ps. cxix. 105.</p> <p>1 HOW precious is the Book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.</p> <p>2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.</p> | <p>3 O'er all the strait and narrow way
 Its radiant beams are cast;
 A light whose ever-cheering ray
 Grows brightest at the last.</p> <p>4 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day. JOHN FAWCETT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1111.1111.</p> <p>183 "<i>O how love I Thy law!</i>"—Ps.
 cxix. 97.</p> <p>1 THE Bible! the Bible! more precious
 than gold, [unfold!
 The hopes and the glories its pages
 It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His
 love; [above.
 It shows us the way to the mansions
 of truth, [youth!
 How sweetly it smiles on the season of
 It bids us seek early the pearl of great
 price, [age of vice
 Ere the heart is enslaved in the bond.</p> <p>3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with
 joy, [shall employ
 Its truths and its glories our tongues
 We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of
 its worth, [earth
 And send its glad tidings afar o'er the
 ring, [sing
 And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we
 Our banners, inscribed with its pre-
 cepts and rules, [our school
 Shall long wave in triumph, the joy</p> |
|---|---|

118.118.
184 "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path."—
Ps. cxix. 106.

1 **H**OW holy the Bible! how pure is the
light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines clear through
the gloom of the night,—
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for
the poor,

A balm for the wounded and sad;
'Tis the gift of a Father—His likeness
is there, [glad,
And the hearts of His children are

3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how
sweet in the storm

It speaks to the sinner distressed!
The tempest is hushed, and the sea
becomes calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.

4 'Tis a friend's loving counsel—the
voice of a guide,

How gentle, and faithful, and true!
No harm can the dear little pilgrim
betide
Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 No words like the words of the Saviour;
nor can

Their sweetness or value be told;
They are words "fitly spoken" to
sorrowful man,
Like beautiful "apples of gold."

6 O teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for
Thy face,

To me let Thy welcome be given:
Now speak to my heart some kind
message of grace, [heaven.
Some words that shall guide me to
G. F. CONGREVE.

C.M.

185 "Thy testimonies have I taken as an
heritage for ever."—Ps. cxix. 111.

1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my
My lasting heritage; [choice,
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ISAAC WATTS.

87.84.

186 "Every word of God is pure."—
Prov. xxx. 5.

1 **B**OOK of grace, and book of glory,
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is Thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth!

2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in Thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to Me!"

4 Book of peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full, full of Thee.

5 Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

76.76.76.76.

187 "The testimony of Jesus."—
Rev. i. 9.

1 **T**ELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me, &c.

- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me, &c.

- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is cawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me, &c.

KATE HANKEY.

76.76.76.76.

188 "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—Ps. cxix. 105.

- 1 WE love the good old Bible,
The glorious word of God;
The lamp for those who travel
O'er all life's dreary road.
The watchword in life's battle,
The chart on life's dark sea;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.
- 2 Who would not love the Bible,
So beautiful and wise?
Its teachings charm the simple,
And point us to the skies.
Its stories true and noble,
Of men so brave to see;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.
- 3 But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
How Christ for us became a child,
Our hearts to Him to turn;
And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see.
The Bible, oh! the Bible,
It shall our teacher be.
- 4 Then we will hold the Bible,
The glorious book of God;
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible
Through all life's future road.
And when we shall be dying,
Wherever we may be,
The beautiful old Bible
Shall still our solace be.

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

189 "They testify of Me."—John v. 39. 87.87.

- 1 EVER would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.
- 2 How, when children came, He blessed
Suffered no man to reprove; [them,
Took them in His arms, and pressed
them
To His heart with words of love.
- 3 How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers, and His own.
- 4 How no contrite soul e'er sought Him
And was bidden to depart;
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the sin from out his heart.
- 5 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true;
- 6 How the flock He gently leadeth
Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To his heart to draw us near.
- 7 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart with tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe.

LOUISE HENSEL.

77.77.

190 "The holy Scriptures."—2 Tim. iii. 15.

- 1 HOLY Bible! book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible! book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON.

66.86 (*Trochaic*).

191 "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Pet. i. 25.

- 1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

HENRY W. BAKER.

C.M.

192 "O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes!"—Ps. cxix. 5.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my
To keep His statutes still! [ways
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Not let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in Thy command
Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hand
Offend against my God.

ISAAC WA

S.M.

193 "Thou hast taught me from youth."—Ps. lxxi. 17.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to my Lord,
That I was taught, and learn
To read His holy word.
- 2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy saints
And all Thy saints believe. [p
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word
And have not learned in vain.

ISAAC WA

76.86.86.86.

194 "Buy the truth, and sell it not."—Prov. xxiii. 23.

- 1 WE won't give up the Bible;
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The sun that sheds a glorious lig
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's name
And calls us home to God.
- 2 We won't give up the Bible
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain. [p
Though man should try to take
By guile, or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do
And God defend the right.
- 3 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power
And with one voice and heart
Resolve that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part.

W. M. WHITTEMORE

C.M.

195 "Thy word is the joy of mine heart."—Jer. xv. 16.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANN STEELE.

76.76.76.76.

196 "I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Ps. xxxiv. 11.

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory.
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else could do.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell the story, &c.
- 3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard

The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell the story, &c.

- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the story, &c.

KATE HANKEY.

L.M.

197 "The pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day."—Neh. ix. 19.

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert
passed,
A fiery pillar went before, [waste,
To guide them through the dreary
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is Thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad, [heaven,
And points the path to bliss and
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays Thy love and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.

C.M.

198 "All Scripture . . . is profitable."—2 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 THY word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.
- 2 Thy word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.
- 3 Thy word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.
- 4 Thy word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

- 5 Thy word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair;
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.
- 6 O may I love Thy precious word,
May I explore its mine!
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!
- 7 O may I find my armour there,—
Thy word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

EDWIN HODDER.

199 "So shall My word be."—Isa. lv. 11.

- 1 THY word, O Lord! like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord! to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly rain of Thine.
- 2 Thy word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy word;
Let its full work be done.
- 3 Thy word, a wondrous guiding star
On pilgrim hearts doth rise;
Oh guide the souls who wander far,
And make the simple wise.

GERMAN, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.

C.M.

200 "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."—Ps. cxix. 130.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER.

C.M.

201 "Thy word is feet."—Ps. cx.

- 1 LAMP of our feet,
Our path when
Stream, from the fo
Brook, by the trave
- 2 Bread of our souls, w
True manna from
Our guide and chart,
Of realms beyond
- 3 Pillar of fire, through
And radiant cloud
When waves would v
Our anchor and ou
- 4 Word of the Everlast
Will of His glorious
Without Thee how co
Or heaven itself be
- 5 Lord, grant us all ari
The wisdom it imp
And to its heavenly
With simple, child

BEI

C.M.

202 "Wherewithal s
cleanse his way
thereto accordin
Ps. cxix.

- 1 HOW shall the yo
hearts,
And guard their liv
Thy word the choice
To keep the consci
- 2 When once it enters
It spreads such lig
The meanest souls in
And raise their tho
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a be
That guides us all t
And through the dan
A lamp to lead our
- 4 The men that keep T
And meditate Thy
Grow wiser than the
And better know t
- 5 Thy precepts make n
I hate the sinner's
I hate mine own vain
But love Thy law, i

is everlasting Truth;
is every page!
book shall guide our youth,
I support our age.

ISAAC WATTS.

RE HISTORIES AND EXAMPLES.

C.M.

*Usever things were written
time were written for our
ing."*—Rom. xv. 4.

Best examples do I find
in the word of truth,
I, who began to mind
in their youth!

reigns above the sky,
ps the world in awe,
a child as young as I,
t His Father's law.

years old He talked with
all wond'ring stand; [men,
eyed His mother then,
e at her command.

e child was weaned, and
upon the Lord; [brought
rothy betimes was taught
His holy word.

should I so long delay
ers learn so soon?
t pass another day
this work begun.

ISAAC WATTS.

6666.88.

Lord; Thy servant heareth."
—1 Sam. iii. 10.

Little Samuel woke,
d hear! his Maker's voice,
word He spoke
uch did he rejoice!
appy child, to find
heaven so near and kind!

ould speak to me,
y He was my Friend,
py should I be!
would I attend!
st sin I then should fear,
lighty were so near.

He never speak?
; for in His word
ne come and seek
d that Samuel heard.
*very page I see
Samuel calls to me.*

4 And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed,
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read Thy word,
"Speak, Lord: I would obey."
The voice that I have heard."
And when I in Thy house appear,
"Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."
ANN TAYLOR.

205 6666.88.
"Here am I."—1 Sam. iii. 4.

1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word:
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

86.86.88.

206 "He kneeled upon his knees three times
a day, and prayed."—Dan. vi. 10.

1 GOOD Daniel would not cease to pray
With all his foes in view;
He called on God three times a day,
As he was used to do;
Nor feared the power of wicked men,
Who put him in the lions' den.

- 2 Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour;
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,
Preserved him from their power;
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.
- 3 And thus the Lord did once preserve
Three good young men of old,
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold:
For as they feared His holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.
- 4 Then let us walk in wisdom's way,
Though troubles may afflict;
Though wicked people dare to say
We need not be so strict:
For God, who keeps His servants thus,
Will surely be as kind to us.

ANN TAYLOR.

118.118.

207 "*He chose David, and took him
from the sheepfolds.*"—
Ps. lxxviii. 70.

- 1 GOOD David, whose psalms have so
often been sung,
At first was not noble or grand,
But only a shepherd boy when he was
young,
Though afterwards king of the land.
- 2 He tended his flocks on the pastures by
day,
And kept them in safety by night;
And though a poor shepherd, he did
not delay
To do what was holy and right.
- 3 For while he sat watching his sheep in
the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,
It then was his greatest delight, we are
told,
To think on the works of the Lord.
- 4 Thus seeking so early for knowledge
and truth,
His childhood in wisdom began,
And therefore the Lord was the guide
of his youth,
And made him so mighty a man.
- 5 So he soon was made king, for the
prophet foretold
That God meant to honour him thus;
And if we will serve Him like David of
The Lord will be mindful of us. [old,
JANE TAYLOR.

208 87.87.77.
"*The child Jesus.*"—Lu

- 1 ONCE, in royal David's cit
Stood a lowly cattle-sh
Where a mother laid her bal
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild
Jesus Christ her little child.
- 2 He came down to earth from
Who is God and Lord of al
And His shelter was a stable
And His cradle was a stall
With the poor, and mean, and
Lived on earth our Saviour
- 3 And through all His wounds
He would honour and obe
Love and watch the lowly
In whose gentle arms he
Christian children all must
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pa
Day by day like us He gre
He was little, weak, and hel
Tears and smiles like us H
And He feelth for our sadn
And He shareth in our gladi
- 5 And our eyes at last shall se
Through His own redeemi
For that child so dear and g
Is our Lord in heaven abov
And He leads His children o
To the place where He is goi
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stabl
With the oxen standing b
We shall see Him; but in hi
Set at God's right hand on
When like stars His children
All in white shall wait aroun

CECIL FRANCES ALE

S.M.

209 "*He said unto her, Th
forgiven.*"—Luke vii.

- 1 BY Jacob's ancient well
Sat Jesus long ago;
The water-bearer heard Him
Where living waters flow.
- 2 The beggar day by day
Sat in a hopeless night,
Until the Master passed that
And said, "Receive thy sig

a mother craved
of healing power; [saved
for whom she prayed was
ed that selfsame hour.

reada's pool,
palsied said,
rayed to be made whole—
id take up thy bed."

emember me,"
g robber cries; [be
saith Jesus, "thou shalt
in Paradise."

ALEX. R. THOMPSON.

88.88.88.
heard that it was Jesus of
azareth."—Mark x. 47.
means this eager, anxious
ong,
ves with busy haste along.
lrous gatherings day by day?
is this strange commotion,

hushed the throng reply,
Nazareth passeth by."
Jesus? Why should He
ove so mightily?
tranger, has He skill
e multitude at will?
stirring tones reply,
Nazareth passeth by."

He who once below
way trod 'mid pain and woe;
ied ones, where'er He came,
at their sick, and deaf, and

ejointed to hear the cry,
Nazareth passeth by."
omes! From place to place
otprints we can trace.
at our threshold—nay,
-condescends to stay.
ot gladly raise the cry?—
Nazareth passeth by."
heavy laden, come!
on, comfort, rest, and home,
rs from a Father's face,
ept His proffered grace.
l ones, there's refuge nigh:
Nazareth passeth by."
still His call refuse,
wondrous love abuse,

Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

MISS CAMPBELL.

PRAYER.

C.M.

211 "O Thou that hearest prayer."—
Ps. lxxv. 2.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel-songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain, [wield
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on
Through Jesus, to the throne, [high,
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down. [world,

J. A. WALLACE.

C.M.

212 "The Lord thinketh upon me."—
Ps. xl. 17.

1 WILL God, who made the earth and
The night and shining day, [sea,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?

2 If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will He hear my cry?
And when I shall be sick and old,
Oh, then will God be nigh?

3 Yes; in His holy word we read
Of His unfailing love;
And when His mercy most we need,
His mercy He will prove.

4 To those who seek Him He is near,
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

HENRY BATESMAN.

S.M.

213 "When thou prayest, thou shalt
not be as the hypocrites."—
Matt. vi. 5-7.

- 1 I OFTEN say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
- 2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

JOHN BURTON.

77.77.

214 "What is thy petition?"—
Esther vii. 2.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON.

C.M.

215 "His eyes behold, I
the children of men"

- 1 GOD is in heaven. Can
A little prayer like
Yes, that He can; I nee
He'll listen unto mine
- 2 God is in heaven. Can
When I am doing wro
Yes, that He can; He k
All day and all night!
- 3 God is in heaven. Wou
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it ve
He'd hear it in the sky
- 4 God is in heaven. Does
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat or
'Tis God that gives it
- 5 God is in heaven. May
To go there when I di
Yes; love Him, seek Him
He'll call me to the sk

88.88.88.88.

216 "Evening, and mo
noon, will I pray."

- 1 SWEET hour of praye
of prayer!
That calls me from a wo
And bids me at my Fa
Make all my wants and v
In seasons of di-tress an
My soul has often found
And oft escaped the tem;
By thy return, sweet hou
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! s
prayer!
Thy wings shall my peti
To Him whose truth and
Engage the waiting soul
And since He bids me see
Believe His word, and tru
I'll cast on Him my ever
And wait for thee, sweet h
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! s
May I thy consolations sh
Till, from Mount Pisgah's
I view my home and tak
This robe of flesh I'll dro
To seize the everlasting
And shout, while passing
"Farewell, farewell, sw
prayer!"

76.76.76.76.

217 "Pray to thy Father, which is in secret."—Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy Great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all:
Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

J. C. SIMPSON.

L. M.

218 "Seek His face evermore"—
Ps. cv. 4.

- 1 **M**Y Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,—
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.
- 2 I plead the name of Thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done;
O may I feel His love to me,
Who died from sin to set me free.
- 3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak Thy
praise.

- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress Thy likeness on my heart:
May I obey Thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

OLIVER HART.

87.87.

219 "Above all that we ask or think."—
Eph. iii. 20.

- 1 **G**OD Almighty heareth ever
When His little children pray:
He is faint and weary never,
And He turneth none away.
- 2 More than we deserve He sends us,
More than we can ask, bestows;
Every moment He befriends us,
And supports us in our woes.
- 3 Let us then, in Him confiding,
Tell Him all we think and feel,
Never one dark secret hiding,
Seeking nothing to conceal.
- 4 Through His Son, our precious Saviour
God will pardon all our sin,
Will forgive our past behaviour,
Open heaven and take us in.

ELIZ. STAFFORD.

C. M.

220 "I intreated Thy favour with my
whole heart."—Ps. cxix. 58.

- 1 **T**HE Lord attends when children
A whisper He can hear; [pray
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.
- 2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known
Wherever we may be.
- 3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.
- 5 Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne
Thy praise we will proclaim,
And daily our requests make known
In our Redeemer's name.

JOHN BURT

- 221** C.M.
"Our Father."—Matt. vi. 9.
 1 **O**UR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be Thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
 In earth and heaven the same.
 2 Give us this day our daily bread;
 And as we those forgive
 Who sin against us, so may we
 Forgiving grace receive.
 3 Into temptation lead us not;
 From evil set us free; [power
 And Thine the kingdom, Thine the
 And glory ever be. A. JUDSON.

- 222** L.M.
"Our Father."—Matt. vi. 9.
 1 **O**UR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 To Thy dear name let praise begin;
 Extend the kingdom of Thy Son;
 Through all the earth Thy will be done.
 2 Give us this day our daily bread,
 For by Thy bounty we are fed;

Our many sins, O
 Teach us in charity
 3 From all temptatio
 Deliver us from ev
 For Thine's the ki
 Both now and to e

- 223** THE LORD'S
 1 **O**UR Father wl
 Hallowed | be
 kingdom come
 on | earth as-it
 2 Give us this day
 bread, || And f
 passes, as we f
 trespass a- | gs
 3 And lead us not I
 deliver | us fro
 is the kingdo
 and the | glor
 ever. Amen.

The Christian Life.

ITS INVITATIONS AND INDUCEMENTS

- 224** C.M.
"They enquired early after God."—
 Ps. lxxviii. 34.

- 1 **H**APPY the child whose youngest
 Receive instruction well, [years
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes,
 But sinners that grow old in sin
 Are hardened in their crimes.
 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young: [years,
 Grace will preserve our following
 And make our virtues strong.
 5 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were Thine.

- 6 Let the sweet work
 Employ my youth
 Thus I'm prepared
 Or fit for early c

- 225** 77.
"Thou art my youth."—
 1 **Y**OUNG and hap
 Not a furrow
 Not a sorrow in th
 Seek the Lord t
 2 In its freshness br
 While the dew u
 In the cool and cl
 Of the morning
 3 Life will have its
 When its skies
 All the present th
 And with vain
 4 Let him tremble,
 Brings not in ar
 Lest the Saviour s
 You shall never

C.M.

226 "Lead me in a plain path."—
Ps. xxvii. 11.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of
And dangers must be passed; [sin,
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands
Lies near, and opens fair; [go,
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

JANE TAYLOR.

L.M.

227 "The better part."—Luke x. 42.

- 1 B ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

77.77.

228 "Nothing is needful."—Luke x. 42.

- 1 THIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
This religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MRS. MASTERS.

L.M.

229 "Blessed are all they that put their
trust in Him."—Ps. ii. 12.

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord
While youthful days are bright
and fair;
Who day and night peruse His word,
And hearken to His teaching there.
- 2 O happy they who trust the Lord,
Whose faith upon its Saviour leans;
His rod and staff shall help afford,
And guide them through life's
changeable scenes.
- 3 O happy they who fear the Lord [song;
When Pleasure chants her gulfeful
With purer joys their souls accord,
And scorn to join her giddy throng.
- 4 O happy they who serve the Lord,
From youth to age His word obey;
His smile shall be their rich reward,
And crowns that cannot fade away.

WILLIAM H. GROSER.

C.M.

230 "Those that seek Me early shall find
Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 Y E hearts with youthful vigour warm
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should
If once compared with Thee; (move,
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind,
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

C.M.

231 "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 CAN any one begin too soon
In early years to know [tend
That heavenly Friend whose steps at-
Mid earthly weal or woe?
- 2 'Tis not too soon, when life's begun
To fade away and die;
'Tis not too soon, when wrong is done,
To seek for help on high.
- 3 'Tis not too soon our guilt to own,
In tender humble prayer;
'Tis not too soon, when we're alone,
To trust a Father's care.
- 4 'Tis not too soon the path to shun
That leads the soul astray;
'Tis not too soon the race to run
Along the heavenly way.
- 5 'Tis not too soon, in childhood's hour,
To put our trust in God;
'Tis not too soon to use our power
To shun the downward road.

JAMES PAGE HOPPS.

1111.1111.

232 "Get you early on your way.—Judges xix. 9.

- 1 LIKE mist on the mountains, like
ships on the sea, [flee;
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage
In the grave of our fathers, how soon
we shall lie; [fly.
Dear children, to-day to the Saviour
- 2 How sweet are the flowerets in April
and May; [away;
But often the frost makes them wither
Like flowers you may fade: you may
wither and die, [fly.
While yet there is room to the Saviour
- 3 When Samuel was young he first knew
the Lord, [His word;
He lived in His smile and rejoiced in
So most of God's children are early
brought nigh; [fly.
O seek Him in youth, to the Saviour
- 4 Do you ask for life's pleasure? then
lean on His breast, [rest;
For there the sin-laden and weary find
In the valley of death you will triumph-
ing cry; [die,
If this be called dying, 'tis blessed to
ROBERT MURRAY M'CHRYNE.

T77.5.

233 "These little ones."—Matt. 23

- 1 JESUS, when He left the sky
And for sinners came to die
In His mercy passed not by—
Little ones like me.
- 2 Mothers then the Saviour sang
In the places where He taught!
And to Him their children bro
Little ones like me.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay
No, He kindly bidd them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.
- 4 'Twas for them His life He gav
To redeem them from the grav
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.
- 5 Children, then, should love H
Strive His holy will to do;
Pray to Him and praise Him t
Little ones like me.

M. RU

1110.1110.911.

234 "Arise, He calleth thee.
x. 49.

- 1 HARK, hark, my soul! thy
voice is calling,
E'en now it breathes o'er li-
troubled sea:
That gracious voice like heave
is falling;
Hark, hark, my soul! the
calls for thee.
Father of mercy, Father of lo
Thee would we follow to our de
above.
- 2 Hark, hark, my soul! from
that voice is pleading
With thee, ere evil days dra
near;
Now, in thy dawn, the Fathe
is leading [doubt,
From sin and shame, from
Father of mercy, &
- 3 Hark, hark, my soul! still,
voice is sounding [ta
Like music sweet from som
While angel bands, our daily
rounding, [e
Lead God's dear childrer
Father of mercy,
JAMES PAGE

C.M.

*ber thy Creator in the days
youth.*"—Eccles. xii. 1.

R thy Creator now,
thy youthful days;
t thine early vow,
o thy praise.

y Creator now,
in while He's near;
will come, when Thou
s comfort near.

y Creator now;
servant be! [bow,
thy head in death shall
ember thee.

! : our hearts incline
ly voice to hear;
ure days be Thine,
Thy fear.

JOHN BURTON.

76.76.76.

*neyard Thy right hand
anted.*"—Ps. lxxx. 15.

gone into His garden
l His flow'rets fair,
youthful blossom
ag sweetly there;
ong the lilies,
ets on the vine,
e soft south breezes,
His sunlight shine.

in that garden?
ong that band,
of His affection,
ms of His hand?
there enclose us,
thrive and grow,
Thy fair vineyard,
white as snow.

re into His garden,—
l walls enclose
nd the sapling,
id and the rose:
ad can wither,
leaf can fall
Saviour's garden,
e loves them all.

all His blossoms:
st flowers must be
to the Master
r cedar tree,
ful care He seeks them
e or in shade,

And silver showers fall softly
To freshen those that fade.

- 5 He comes to gather lilies:
We may not know the hour
That makes an earthly blossom
A bright immortal flower;
Then, Lord, may we be ready
And waiting for Thy hand,
That we may bloom in glory
In Thine eternal land.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

76.76.76.

237 "We love Him because He first loved
us."—1 John iv. 19.

- 1 I OUGHT to love my Saviour;
No earthly friend can be
So loving, kind, and faithful
As He hath been to me.
Before my lips could utter
His sweet and precious name,
Until the present moment,
His love has been the same.
- 2 He left His home in glory
To save my soul from death;
And now in all life's dangers
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down in slumber
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.
- 3 It is but very little
For Him that I can do;
Then let me seek to serve Him
My earthly journey through;
And without sigh or murmur,
To do His holy will,
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.
- 4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see;
And 'mid the angels' music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear!

76.76.76.

238 "Thou hast the dew of thy youth."
—Ps. cx. 3.

- 1 GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth!

Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

- 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies and gold and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.
- 3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er thy bloom of youth
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice.

76.76.76.76.

239 "Come unto Me, all ye that labour
and are heavy-laden, and I will
give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way:
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Thou drives away our doubt;

Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
W. CHATTERTON DIX.

240 66.66.66.66.
"He calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

- 1 COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow—
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.
- 2 Come to the Saviour now!
Gaze on that mystic tide—
Water and blood—that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that suffering One!
"Tis finished," now He cries;
Redemption's work is done,
Then bows His head and dies.
Come, come, come.
- 3 Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailling plea.
No vain excuses frame,
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come.
- 4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come.
- 5 Come to the Saviour, all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come.

J. M. WIGGLES

75.75.

241 "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

- 1 COME to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.
- 2 At His feet confess your sin,
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean—
He will hear your prayer.
- 3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but while you may,
Choose the better part.
- 4 Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

E. TURNEY.

242 "I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

- 1 COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild;
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh! come home.
- 2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled:
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh! come home.
- 3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled:
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh! come home.
- 4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh! come home.

MRS. GATES.

999.6, and chorus.

243 "Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Ps. lxxvi. 1.

- 1 COME to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He has shown us
the way;

Herein our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

- Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are purged
and free, [Thee
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
In our eternal home.
- 2 "Suffer the children;" oh, hear His
voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice
And let us freely make Him our choice
Do not delay, but come.
Joyful, joyful, &c.
- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day
Hear now His blest command, and obey
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come?"
Joyful, joyful, &c.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

244 "Come unto Me."—Matt. xi. 28.

C.M.
TEACHER.

- 1 "COME unto Me!" the Saviour
He calls us to His rest; [speak
O children, hear His loving voice,
And nestle on His breast!

CHILDREN.

- 2 We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come;
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

TEACHER.

- 3 "Come unto Me!" again Christ calls
O hear His gentle voice;
O children, give your hearts to Him,
And make His love your choice.

CHILDREN.

- 4 We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come;
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

TEACHER.

- 5 "Come unto Me!" dear children, hear
The loving, gentle call;
For Him who gave His life for us
Will you not give up all?

CHILDREN.

- 6 We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come;
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

WILLIAM F. BALFE

- 2 Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour;
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,
Preserved him from their power;
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.
- 3 And thus the Lord did once preserve
Three good young men of old,
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold:
For as they feared His holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.
- 4 Then let us walk in wisdom's way,
Though troubles may afflict;
Though wicked people dare to say
We need not be so strict:
For God, who keeps His servants thus,
Will surely be as kind to us.

ANN TAYLOR.

118.118.
207 "He chose David, and took him
from the sheepfolds."—
Ps. lxxviii. 70.

- 1 GOOD David, whose psalms have so
often been sung,
At first was not noble or grand,
But only a shepherd boy when he was
young,
Though afterwards king of the land.
- 2 He tended his flocks on the pastures by
day,
And kept them in safety by night;
And though a poor shepherd, he did
not delay
To do what was holy and right.
- 3 For while he sat watching his sheep in
the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,
It then was his greatest delight, we are
told,
To think on the works of the Lord.
- 4 Thus seeking so early for knowledge
and truth,
His childhood in wisdom began,
And therefore the Lord was the guide
of his youth,
And made him so mighty a man.
- 5 So he soon was made king, for the
prophet foretold
That God meant to honour him thus;
And if we will serve Him like David of
The Lord will be mindful of us. [old,
JANE TAYLOR.

87.87.
208 "The child Jesus

- 1 ONCE, in royal David
Stood a lowly
Where a mother laid
In a manger for
Mary was that mot
Jesus Christ her lit
- 2 He came down to earth
Who is God and I
And His shelter was
And His cradle was
With the poor, and
Lived on earth our
- 3 And through all His
He would honour
Love and watch the
In whose gentle
Christian children
Mild, obedient, good
- 4 For He is our child
Day by day like
He was little, weak
Tears and smiles
And He feeleth for
And He shareth in
- 5 And our eyes at last
Through His own
For that child so dear
Is our Lord in heaven
And He leads His church
To the place where
- 6 Not in that poor lowly
With the oxen still
We shall see Him;
Set at God's right
When like stars His
All in white shall we
CECIL FRANK

8.M
209 "He said unto
forgiveness."—

- 1 BY Jacob's ancient
Sat Jesus long
The water-bearer he
Where living water
- 2 The beggar day by day
Sat in a hopeless
Until the Master passed
And said, "Receive

The mother craved
A crumb of healing power; [saved
The child for whom she prayed was
And healed that selfsame hour.

Beside Bethesda's pool,
He to the palsied said,
Before he prayed to be made whole—
"Rise, and take up thy bed."

"O Lord, remember me,"
The dying robber cries; [be
"This day," saith Jesus, "thou shalt
With me in Paradise."

ALEX. R. THOMPSON.

88.88.88.

10 "He heard that it was Jesus of
Nazareth."—Mark x. 47.

WHAT means this eager, anxious
throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?

In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?

passing stranger, has He skill
to move the multitude at will?
gain the stirring tones reply,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

us! 'tis He who once below
in's pathway trod mid pain and woe;
burdened ones, where'er He came,
ought out their sick, and deaf, and
lame:

blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
us of Nazareth passeth by."

'n He comes! From place to place
holy footprints we can trace.
auneth at our threshold—nay,
sters—condescends to stay.
we not gladly raise the cry?—
us of Nazareth passeth by."

ill ye heavy laden, come!
pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
nd'ers from a Father's face,
t, accept His proffered grace.
pted ones, there's refuge nigh:
of Nazareth passeth by."

ou still His call refuse,
His wondrous love abuse,

Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

MISS CAMPBELL.

PRAYER.

C.M.

211 "O Thou that hearest prayer."—
Ps. lxxv. 2.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel-songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain, [wield
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on
Through Jesus, to the throne, [high,
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down. [world,

J. A. WALLACE.

C.M.

212 "The Lord thinketh upon me."—
Ps. xl. 17.

1 WILL God, who made the earth and
The night and shining day, [sea,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?

2 If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will He hear my cry?
And when I shall be sick and old,
Oh, then will God be nigh?

3 Yes; in His holy word we read
Of His unfailing love;
And when His mercy most we need,
His mercy He will prove.

4 To those who seek Him He is near,
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

HENRY BATEMAN.

S.M.

213 "When thou prayest, thou shalt
not be as the hy pocrites."—
Matt. vi. 5-7.

- 1 I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
- 2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

JOHN BURTON.

77.77.

214 "What is thy petition?"—
Esther vii. 2.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON.

C.M.

215 "His eyes behold,
the children of men"

- 1 GOD is in heaven. C
A little prayer like
Yes, that He can; I ne
He'll listen unto mine
- 2 God is in heaven. Can
When I am doing wr
Yes, that He can; He h
All day and all night
- 3 God is in heaven. W
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it ve
He'd hear it in the sky
- 4 God is in heaven. Does
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat o
'Tis God that gives it
- 5 God is in heaven. May
To go there when I di
Yes; love Him, seek Him
He'll call me to the sk

88.88.88.88.

216 "Evening, and mo
noon, will I pray."

- 1 SWEET hour of praye
of prayer!
That calls me from a wo
And bids me at my Fa
Make all my wants and v
In seasons of di-tress and
My soul has often found
And oft escaped the tem
By thy return, sweet ho
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! :
prayer!
Thy wings shall my peti
To Him whose truth and
Engage the waiting soul
And since He bids me se
Believe His word, and tr
I'll cast on Him my ever
And wait for thee, sweet h
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! :
May I thy consolations st
Till, from Mount Pisgah,
I view my home and tak
This robe of flesh I'll dro
To seize the everlasting
And shout, while passing
"Farewell, farewell, sw
prayer!"

76.76.76.76.

217 "Pray to thy Father, which is in secret."—Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy Great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 Where'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all:
Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

J. C. SIMPSON.

L. M.

218 "Seek His face evermore"—
Ps. cv. 4.

- 1 **M**Y Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,—
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.
- 2 I plead the name of Thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done;
O may I feel His love to me,
Who died from sin to set me free.
- 3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak Thy
praise.

- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress Thy likeness on my heart:
May I obey Thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

OLIVER HART.

87.87.

219 "Above all that we ask or think."—
Eph. iii. 20.

- 1 **G**OD Almighty heareth ever
When His little children pray:
He is faint and weary never,
And He turneth none away.
- 2 More than we deserve He sends us,
More than we can ask, bestows;
Every moment He befriends us,
And supports us in our woes.
- 3 Let us then, in Him confiding,
Tell Him all we think and feel,
Never one dark secret hiding,
Seeking nothing to conceal.
- 4 Through His Son, our precious Saviour
God will pardon all our sin,
Will forgive our past behaviour,
Open heaven and take us in.

ELIZ. STAFFORD.

C. M.

220 "I intreated Thy favour with my
whole heart."—Ps. cxix. 58.

- 1 **T**HE Lord attends when children
A whisper He can hear; [pray,
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.
- 2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.
- 3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.
- 5 Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne
Thy praise we will proclaim,
And daily our requests make known
In our Redeemer's name.

JOHN BURTON.

221 C.M.
"Our Father."—Matt. vi. 9.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be Thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
 In earth and heaven the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
 And as we those forgive
 Who sin against us, so may we
 Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
 From evil set us free; [power
 And Thine the kingdom, Thine the
 And glory ever be. A. JUDSON.

222 L.M.
"Our Father."—Matt. vi. 9.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 To Thy dear name let praise be given;
 Extend the kingdom of Thy Son;
 Through all the earth Thy will be done.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
 For by Thy bounty we are fed;

Our many sins
 Teach us in chu

3 From all temp
 Deliver us from
 For Thine's t
 Both now and

223 THE LC

1 OUR Father
 Hallowed
 kingdom c
 on | earth

2 Give us this
 bread, || A
 passes, as
 trespass a

3 And lead us ne
 deliver | u
 is the kin
 and the |
 ever. Am

The Christian Life.

ITS INVITATIONS AND INDUCEMENTS

224 C.M.
"They enquired early after God."—
 Ps. lxxviii. 34.

1 HAPPY the child whose youngest
 Receive instruction well, [years
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes,
 But sinners that grow old in sin
 Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young: [years,
 Grace will preserve our following
 And make our virtues strong.

5 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were Thine.

6 Let the sweet
 Employ my
 Thus I'm prep
 Or fit for ea

225 "Thou
 youth.

1 YOUNG and
 Not a fur
 Not a sorrow i
 Seek the Lo

2 In its freshnes
 While the d
 In the cool an
 Of the morn

3 Life will have
 When its sk
 All the presen
 And with vi

4 Let him trem
 Brings not i
 Lest the Savio
 You shall n

C.M.

226 "Lead me in a plain path."—
Ps. xxvii. 11.

- 1 **T**HERE is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of
And dangers must be passed; [sin,
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands
Lies near, and opens fair; [go,
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

JANE TAYLOR.

L.M.

- 227 "The better part."—Luke x. 42.
- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand;
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

77. 77.

228 "Nothing is needful."—Luke x. 42.

- 1 **T**HIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
This religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MRS. MASTERS.

L.M.

229 "Blessed are all they that put their
trust in Him."—Ps. ii. 12.

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord
While youthful days are bright
and fair;
Who day and night peruse His word,
And hearken to His teaching there.
- 2 O happy they who trust the Lord,
Whose faith upon its Saviour leans;
His rod and staff shall help afford,
And guide them through life's
changeable scenes.
- 3 O happy they who fear the Lord [song;
When Pleasure chants her gulfeful
With purer joys their souls accord,
And scorn to join her giddy throng.
- 4 O happy they who serve the Lord,
From youth to age His word obey;
His smile shall be their rich reward,
And crowns that cannot fade away.

WILLIAM H. GROSER.

C.M.

230 "Those that seek Me early shall find
Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should
If once compared with Thee; (move,
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind,
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

C.M.

267 "He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isa. liii. 5.

1 IS there one heart, dear Saviour, here,
That humbly seeks for Thee?
Now with Thy promised grace appear,
Let each Thy beauty see.

2 We read Thy power where'er we turn,
Around, beneath, above;
But to Thy cross we come to learn
The story of Thy love.

3 Thou Man of sorrows, hearts like ours
Thy griefs can never know;
No youthful tongues, no mortal powers,
Can utter half Thy woe.

4 Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,
To give us life He died.

5 Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,
And never coldly turn away
From sacred Calvary.

6 Oft may we gather round Thy feet
To praise Thy dying love,
Till to behold Thy face we meet
In purer scenes above.

MRS. PARSON.

87.87.47.

268 "There were brought unto Him little children."—Matt. xix. 13.

1 SAVIOUR, round Thy footstool bending,
See our youthful band appear;
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Our petitions deign to hear:

Thou art willing,
For Thy grace is always near.

2 Once on earth to share Thy blessing,
Children sought to meet Thine eye;
While the anxious parents pressing,
Brought their helpless infants nigh;
For Thy favour
All their wants could well supply.

3 No harsh word of indignation
Drove those tender lambs from Thee;
Gentle was the invitation,
"Suffer them to come to Me:
Holy children
Shall My heavenly kingdom see."

4 Gracious Saviour, Thou hast taught us
That Thy words unchanged remain;

To Thy feet our friends have brought us
Heavenly blessings to obtain;

Oh, receive us,
Thou wilt not our prayer disdain.

5 Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Fold us 'neath Thy watchful care,
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thine arms of mercy bear:
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there.

MRS. PARSON.

C.M.

269 "Israel shall grow as the lily."—Hosea xiv. 5.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence
sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

llllllll

270 "Thou art our Father."—Isa. lxiii. 16.

1 OUR Father in heaven, Thou madest
the earth;
The sun and the stars to Thy word owe
their birth;
By Thee were they formed, by Thy
counsel they stand,
And we are Thy children, the work of
Thy hand.

2 Thou gavest our life; to Thy goodness
we owe
All the blessings that bloom round our
pathway below;
In thousand endearments Thy love we
may read,
Declaring that Thou art our Father in-
deed.

3 But we have all wandered as sheep
from Thy fold;
The hearts of Thy children through sin
have grown cold;
Though young, we have erred, and
would humbly implore
The mercy we need, that we wander no
more.

4 We own we are guilty, but Jesus has
died!
Nor shall we, when pleading His name,
be denied;
For hast Thou not promised that plea
Thou wilt heed,
And through Thy free grace make us
children indeed?

C.M.

271 *'Early will I seek Thee.'*—
Ps. lxxiii. 1.

- 1 NOW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.
- 2 And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.
- 3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 4 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here;
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
Oh what have I to fear?
- 5 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.
- 6 If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.
- 7 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store—

Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

- 8 Attend me through my youthful way.
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
O Lord, forsake me not.

JANE TAYLOR.

C.M.

272 *"Therefore will I remember Thee."*
—Ps. xlii. 6.

- 1 O LORD, while life and hope are
young,
And all are kind to me;
While strains of pleasure fill my
tongue,
Let me remember Thee.
- 2 Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,
Where'er mine eyes may see,
May I Thy power, Thy love discern,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 And when to man's estate I grow,
Though rich or poor I be,
May all my feelings heavenward flow,
And I remember Thee.
- 4 And, oh, when evil days shall fall,
And health and comfort flee,
'Midst sorrow's cloud and suffering's
thrall,
May I remember Thee.
- 5 And thus, till life itself shall end,
And I from sin am free,
Creator, Father, Guardian, Friend,
May I remember Thee.

C.M.

273 *"Lord, remember me."*—Luke
xxiii. 42.

- 1 SOON as my infant lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to Thee,
O let my heart Thy favour seek:
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 In childhood's following years my
Tuned to Thy praise shall be; [tongue
And this the expressive, humble song—
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 3 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
Oh, bid them all from me depart:
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 4 When with life's heavy load oppressed
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest
Dear Lord, remember me!

- 5 O let me on the bed of death
Thy great salvation see;
And cry with my expiring breath—
Dear Lord, remember me!

ROWLAND HILL.

L.M.

- 274 "They first gave their own selves
to the Lord."—2 Cor. viii. 5.

- 1 OH happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love
I let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine move.
3 'Tis done the great transaction's
done:

I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

87.87.87.

- 275 "My son, give Me thine heart."—
Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me:
Fill my soul with love divine.

- 2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send
me.

Only do Thou guide my way:
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

- 3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie:

Let it know no revocation,
Publish'd and confirm'd on high.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart
Suffer me to leave Thee never:
Seal Thine image on my heart.

JOHN BURTON.

C.M.

- 276 "Seek ye My face: Thy face, Lord,
will I seek."—Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 OUR heavenly father calls us near,
And bids us seek His face;
And all our hearts with joy reply,
"We'll seek our Father's face."

- 2 Our food, our clothes, and all we have
Are given us from above,
And every blessing we receive
Comes from the God of love.

- 3 'Tis love that guides our wandering feet
To tread the sacred road,
And keeps us in the path that leads
To happiness and God.

- 4 'Twas love that sent a Saviour down
To die for sinful men;
'Twas love that raised Him from the
grave,
That we might rise again.

- 5 Then let our cheerful voices join
The angel choirs above,
And all in heaven and earth combine
To praise the God of love.

L.M.

- 277 "Ask what I shall give thee."—
2 Chron. i. 7.

- 1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor
power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour;
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

- 2 One thing I ask,—oh, wilt Thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?—
Wisdom, descending from above,
The choicest token of Thy love.

- 3 Wisdom, betimes to know Th' Lord,
To fear His name, and keep His word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering
youth.

- 4 Then, shouldst Thou grant me length
of days,
My life shall still proclaim Thy praise,
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

OWENELL HEGINBOTHAM.

S.M.

*repent: for the kingdom of heaven
at hand.*"—Matt. iv. 17.

Jesus Christ was sent
to save us from our sin,
to teach us to repent,
and at once begin.

It is enough to say
sorry and repent;
go on, from day to day,
as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
things we loved before,
and what we in earnest grieve
about so no more.

Let us make us thus sincere,
as well as pray;
small, however dear,
let our sins away.

JANE TAYLOR.

L.M.

our Father, who art in heaven."
—Matt. vi. 9.

O God, and wilt Thou con-
fess.

O Father and my Friend?
child, and Thou so high,
of earth, and air, and sky.

O my Father?—canst Thou bear
my poor imperfect prayer?
Thou listen to the praise
which a little one can raise?

O my Father?—let me be
obedient child to Thee;
a word, and deed, and thought,
and please Thee as I ought.

O my Father?—I'll depend
on care of such a Friend,
wilt thou do and be
as seemeth good to Thee.

O my Father?—then at last,
my days on earth are past,
and take me in Thy love,
O better child above.

ANN TAYLOR.

1010.1010.

and is love."—1 John iv. 8.
Glad that our Father in heaven
of His love in the book He has
written;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, even
me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander
away,
Still He doth love me, wherever I
stray;

Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, &c.

3 Oh, if there is only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great
King,

This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves
me!"

I am so glad, &c.

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my poor soul
to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree;

Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!
I am so glad, &c.

5 If any one ask of me, how can I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well!
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth
agree,

Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, &c.

6 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now
doth flee,

When I just tell him that Jesus loves
me.

I am so glad, &c.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

76.76.76.76.

281 "Surely He hath borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows."—

Isa. liii. 4.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remain.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine:
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heav'nly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR.

76.76.76.76.

282 "Without Me ye can do nothing."
—John xv. 5.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

- 4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne!
There, with Thy blood-bought chil-
dren,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

E. WHITEFIELD.

S.M.D.

283 "He restoreth my soul."—
Ps. xxiii. 3.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone:
They bound me with the bands of
love,
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding
wounds,
My fainting soul they fed;
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the
fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

HORATIUS BONAR.

77.77.77.

284 "Who have fled for refuge."—
Heb. vi. 18.

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

CHARLES WESLEY.

888.6.

285 "Him that cometh to Me I will in
no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for
me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

12.11.12.11.

286 "The Master is come, and calleth
for thee."—John xi. 28.

- 1 THE Master hath come, and He calls
us to follow
The track of the footprints He leaves
on our way ;
Far over the mountain, and through
the deep hollow,
The path leads us on to the mansions
of day.
- 2 The Master hath called us, the chil-
dren who fear Him,
Who march 'neath Christ's banner,
His own little band ;
We love Him, and seek Him, we long
to be near Him,
And rest in the light of His beautiful
land.
- 3 The Master hath called us ; the road
may be dreary,
And dangers and sorrows are strewn
on the track ;
But God's Holy Spirit shall comfort
the weary—
We follow the Saviour, and cannot
turn back.
- 4 The Master hath called us ; though
doubt and temptation
May compass our journey ; we
cheerfully sing,
"Press onward, look upward," through
much tribulation
The children of Zion must follow
their King.

5 The Master hath called us ; in life's
early morning,
With spirits as fresh as the dew on
the sod :
We turn from the world, with its smiles
and its scorning,
To cast in our lot with the people of
God.

6 The Master hath called us His sons
and His daughters,
We plead for His blessing, and trust
in His love ;
And through the green pastures,
beside the still waters,
He'll lead us at last to His kingdom
above.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

87.87.

287 "*Thou desirest truth in the inward
parts.*"—Ps. li. 6.

- 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee,
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh how holy we should be !
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
- 4 Let our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whatever is wrong ;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

M. K. SHELLEY.

C.M.

288 "*Thy Spirit is good, lead me.*"—
Ps. cxliii. 10.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

- 4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

JOHN RYLAND.

L.M.

289 "*Oh that Thou wouldst bless me
indeed!*"—1 Chron. iv. 10.

- 1 LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
O put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.
- 2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood:
And my whole heart from sin set free—
A little vessel full of Thee.
- 3 A star of early dawn and bright.
Shining within Thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.
- 4 Dear Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blest ;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

JOHN BUCKWORTH.

87.87.3.

290 "*Bless me, even me also, O my
father.*"—Gen. xxvii. 38.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing.
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be :
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee :
I am longing for Thy favour ;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see :
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—
Even me.

- 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—
Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

S.M.

- 291 "By grace ye are saved."—
Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and
tears,
Can bear my awful load.

- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

- 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

119.119.

- 292 "There is joy in the presence of the
angels of God over one sinner that
repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

- 1 RING the bells of heaven! there is
joy to-day
For a soul returning from the wild!
See! the Father meets him out upon
the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering
child.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing
Glory! glory! how the loud harp
ring!

'Tis the ransomed army, like
mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free!

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful
way,

And is born anew a ransomed child
Glory, &c.

- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the
feast to-day!

Angels, swell the glad triumph
strain!

Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far
For a precious soul is born again.

Glory, &c.
W. O. CUSHING.

S.M.

- 293 "The Spirit and the Bride say
Come."—Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 THE Spirit to our hearts
Is whispering,—Sinner, come;
The Bride, the Church of Christ pro
claims

To all His children,—Come.

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him,—Come,
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

- 3 Yes! whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares,—I quickly come;
Lord, even so! I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

77.77.77.

- 294 "And that Rock was Christ."—
1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;

- Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.
- AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

76.76.76.73.

295 "*And they followed Him.*"—
 Matt. iv. 20.

- 1 THE world looks very beautiful,
 And full of joy to me;
 The sun shines out in glory
 On everything I see:
 I know I shall be happy,
 While in the world I stay,
 For I will follow Jesus,
 All the way.
- 2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
 My journey's just begun;
 They say I shall meet sorrow
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of sorrow
 And suffering, they say,
 But I will follow Jesus,
 All the way.
- 3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
 To lay at Jesus' feet;
 He'll comfort me in trouble,
 He'll wipe my tears away,
 With joy I'll follow Jesus,
 All the way.
- 4 Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear;
 For when I'm close by Jesus
 Grief cannot come too near:
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day;
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
 All the way.
- ANNA B. WARNER.

O.M.

296 "*A Friend that sticketh closer than
 a brother.*"—Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
 To Thee our prayers ascend:
 To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
 Jesus, the children's Friend.
- 2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
 Our life and health descend;
 O save our souls from sin and woe,
 Jesus, the children's Friend.
- 3 Teach us to prize Thy holy word,
 And to its truths attend;
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
 And love the children's Friend.
- 4 O may we taste of Jesus' love,
 To Him our souls commend;
 For Jesus left the realms above
 To be the children's Friend.
- 5 Let all our hopes be fixed on high,
 And when our lives shall end,
 Then may we live above the sky
 With Thee, the children's Friend.
- DOROTHY ANN THURPP.

L.M.

297 "*Lead me in a plain path.*"—
 Ps. xxvii. 11.

- 1 FATHER, in mercy hear my prayer,
 And guide my wandering heart
 to Thee;
 Make me of every sin beware,
 From every path of folly flee.
- 2 Temptations still beset my road,
 And youthful passions scorn control,
 And urge me to forget my God,
 And lose, for sinful joys, my soul.
- 3 How vain my boasted wisdom is,
 My strongest resolutions vain!
 The tempter tries some new disguise,
 And lures my soul to sin again.
- 4 Thou oft-forgiving Jesus, speak
 Afresh Thy pardon to my heart;
 Nor may I wish Thy yoke to break,
 Nor from Thy pleasant ways depart.

87.87.47.

298 "*He will be our guide even unto
 death.*"—Ps. xlviii. 14.

- 1 FATHER, in my life's young morning
 May Thy word direct my way;
 Let me heed each gracious warning,
 Lest my feet should go astray;
 And in sorrow
 Let Thy promise be my stay.

2 Father, gentle is Thy teaching ;
Be a docile spirit mine ;
Fervently Thy grace beseeching,
Let Thy lovingkindness shine
On my pathway,
And my heart be wholly Thine.

3 Father, let me never covet
Things of vanity and pride ;
Teach me truth, and make me love it
More than all the world beside ;
Blessèd Bible !
May it be my heavenward guide.

S.M.

299 "Seedtime and harvest."—
Gen. viii. 22.

1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-hand.

2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that long as we shall live
We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

C.M.

300 "Give me now wisdom and knowledge."—2 Chron. i. 10.

1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift :
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

T.77.

301 "I am meek and lowly in heart."—
Matt. xi. 29.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought ;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not ;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be :
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please ;
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Like Thyself within my heart.

8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L.M.

302 "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

1 HELP us, O Lord, to seek Thy grace,
Now, in the morning of our days ;
For Thy good word doth us remind
That they who early seek shall find.

2 We all Thy pardoning mercy need,
For sins of thought, and word, and
deed :

- Thy mercy for us is designed,
Since they who early seek shall find.
- 3 The Holy Ghost Thou dost impart,
To teach, renew, and cheer the heart;
This gift we seek with hopeful mind,
For they who early seek shall find.
- 4 If we for years the Lord neglect,
He may in wrath our souls reject,
And leave us to our hardened mind;
But they who early seek shall find.
- 5 May we, then, spend our youthful days
In seeking every needful grace;
And feel, till to the grave consigned,
That they who early seek shall find.

S.M.

303 "Wherewithal shall a young man
cleanse his way?"—Ps. cxix. 9.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to Thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know:
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine:
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.
- 5 O let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what Thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way:
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

304 "Lovest thou Me?"—John xxi. 15.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
Tis my Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound
Sought thee wandering, set thee right
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER.

305 "All have sinned."—Rom. iii. 23.

- 1 A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed
But Jesus sits at Thy right hand,
For such to intercede.
- 2 Thou, Lord, canst change this ev
heart,
Canst give a holy mind;
And Thine own heavenly grace impart
Which those who seek shall find.
- 3 To heaven can reach the softest word
A child's repentant prayer;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard
And thoughts regarded there.
- 4 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

JANE TAYLOR.

306 "A Friend that sticketh closer the
a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 NOW I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendship cease
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.

He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

3 When death is sent to me,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine;
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

4 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine;
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

5 Father, Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be Thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou madest my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

H. J. MC HOPE.

119.119.

307 "Every one when he looketh upon it shall live."—Numb. xxi. 8.

1 THERE is life for a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved;
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
Look, look, look and live,
There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt hath not paid?
Look, look, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But His blood, that atones for thy soul:

On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look, look, &c.

4 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of death He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?
Look, look, &c.

5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once, in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
Look, look, &c.

6 Then take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives:
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.
Look, look, &c.

7 There is life for a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee.
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
Look, look, &c.

AMELIA MATILDA HULL.

308 "Follow Me."—Matt. iv. 19.

1 ACCEPTING, Lord, Thy gracious call,
Low at Thy feet I humbly fall,
Now set me free from Satan's thrall
And let me follow Thee.

2 My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

3 By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee.

- 4 When fears and foes beset my way,
When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee.
- 5 Courageously, whoe'er my foes,
With cheerfulness whate'er oppose,
Unto my journey's final close,
Help me to follow Thee.
- 6 Along the heavenly pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight;
By victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee.

NEWMAN HALL.

L.M.

309

"Learn of Me."—Matt. xi. 29.

- 1 O HOLY Lord, content to dwell
In a poor home, a lowly child,
With meek obedience noting well
Each bidding of Thy mother mild;
- 2 Lead every child that hears Thy name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To shun the paths of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
- 3 Let not this world's unhallowed glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arms,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Protect them still from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.
- 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

777.3.

310 *"The promise is to your children."*
—Acts ii. 39.

- 1 COME, ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour King;
Hearts and voices gladly bring,
Praise His name.
- 2 Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful to the end;
Richest gifts from Him descend,
Joy and peace.
- 3 Once from heaven to earth He came,
Suffered death, contempt, and blame,
Died upon a cross of shame
Crowned with thorns.

4 'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus His precious blood He gave;
Ransomed now from sin's dark grave
We may sing.

5 Oh, what boundless grace and love,
Passing all our thoughts above!
Fear and unbelief remove,
At the cross.

6 Blessed Jesus, loving, kind,
We would ever seek and find;
And our souls in covenant bind,
Thine to be.

7 For our sins we deeply grieve,
But Thy promise we believe—
"Him that cometh I receive:"
Lord, we come.

8 Help us, Lord, to love Thee more,
Serve Thee truly evermore;
Till Thy mercy we adore
In heaven above.

MISS CAMPBELL.

C.M.

311 *"I will save thy children."*
Isa. xlix. 25.

- 1 THOU blessed Jesus, pity me,
A little pilgrim child;
Help me to love and follow Thee,
Unfearing, undefiled.
- 2 They say the world is full of sin,—
More full than I can tell:
Teach me its journey to begin,
So that I end it well.
- 3 Thou art so kind, that I may call
Thee, Father,—and my friend;
So great, Thou knowest, seest all,
And canst from harm defend.
- 4 Then keep me loving, humble, true,
Be Thou my pattern, Lord;
And guide me all life's dangers through
By Thy most holy word.

HENRY BATEMAN.

C.M.

312 *"Jesus called a little child to Him"*
—Matt. xviii. 2.

- 1 BLEST Saviour, let me be a child,
A little child of Thine;
Thou hast on infant spirits smiled,
O kindly smile on mine.
- 2 Make me a child in simple ways,
In heart more simple still;
Believing all the Father says,
And doing all His will.

- 3 Give me a nature pure and true,
My evil heart control;
And day by day Thy grace renew
The childhood of my soul.

- 4 May this sweet spirit ne'er depart,
Midst all my joys and cares;
And may I be a child in heart,
Although a man in years.

ALFRED J. MORRIS.
87.87.

313 "*All thy children shall be taught
of the Lord.*"—Isa. liv. 13.

- 1 CHRISTIAN children must be holy,
Serving God from day to day;
Never is the time too early
For a Christian to obey.

- 2 He, who is our great example,
Let no moment run to loss;
Not one precious hour He wasted
From the cradle to the cross.

- 3 Soon He sorrowed, soon He suffered;
We must meek and gentle be,
Little pain and childish trial
Ever bearing patiently.

- 4 Soon He showed a Son's obedience;
We must early learn to do,
Not our own will, but our Father's,
And be found obedient too.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.
68.68.

314 "*Both Lord and Christ.*"—
Acts ii. 36.

- 1 O JESUS, God and man!
For love of children once a
O Jesus, God and man! [child!
We hail Thee Saviour, sweet and mild.

- 2 O Jesus, God and man,
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.

- 3 O Jesus, Mary's Son;
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

- 4 O Jesus, bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the love of Jesus live.

- 5 O God, most great and good,
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who so rememberest us alway.

FREDERIC WILLIAMS FABER.

C.M.

315 "*With my whole heart have I
sought Thee.*"—Ps. cxix. 10.

- 1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine;
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

- 2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

- 3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.
C.M.

316 "*A still small voice.*"—1 Kings
xix. 12.

- 1 THERE is a mother's voice of love
To hush her little child;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild;

- 2 But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentlest tone—
I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.

- 3 It is a still, small, holy voice,
The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart,
And says that He is by.

- 4 The voice will blame us when we're
wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
And in the quiet night.

- 5 And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound—
When they have listened, in their
hearts
The still small voice have found.

- 6 And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for the voice
That told them what was right and
true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

L.M.

317 "*Lord, save me.*"—Matt. xiv. 30.

- 1 MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy lost and wandering child to
Thee?

And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all
I come, I come: Lord, save Thou me

2 O Jesus art Thou passing by,
With all Thy goodness, grace, and
power?

And wilt Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest friend, refused so long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come; make weakness strong.

4 Yea, Lord, I come; Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

318 884.884.
"Lovest thou Me."—John xxi. 15.

1 I SAW Him leave His Father's throne,
Forsake that glory all His own,
For love of me.

And from the lowly manger-bed
I heard a gentle voice that said—
"Lovest thou Me?"

2 I saw Him in temptation's hour,
Weak, but o'ercoming Satan's power.
For love of me;

And as the tempter fled away,
I heard a voice that seemed to say
"Lovest thou Me?"

3 I heard Him once, by Jacob's well,
The message of salvation tell,
For love of me.

My heart had been as cold as stone
But how could I resist that tone?
"Lovest thou Me?"

4 I saw Him come, by pity led,
And stand beside my feverish bed,
For love of me.

Then heard Him whisper as disease
Gave way to health, and pain to ease,
"Lovest thou Me?"

KATE HANKEY.

319 888.6.
"Behold, what manner of love."—
1 John iii. 1.

1 THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come;
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child;
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

3 It is the Father
His love provided
A robe of spot

4 Now shall my
A feast of love
I feed upon th

5 Yea, in the full
He puts me in
Where I may

6 It is Thy precious
It is Thy spotless
And now the

7 And when I in
The glory and
The everlasting

320 "Ye are born
Ps

1 SAVIOUR,
Teach me
Make it gentle
Loving Saviour

2 I am young,
All who will
Feed my soul
Loving Saviour

3 Jesus, help me
Let me put on
Teach me how
Loving Saviour

4 I would never
Never turn a
Keep me in the
Loving Saviour

321 "I am Thine
Ps.

1 THINE, most
O make me
Thine in thought
For Thou, O Christ

2 Wholly Thine,
To go when Thou
Thine to yield
In all things,

- 3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
In every passing hour;
Thine in silence, Thine to speak
As Thou dost give me power.

A. S. HAWKS.

- 322 C.M.D.
"She loved much."—Luke vii. 47.
1 WE love Thee, Lord! yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless
gifts
On ocean and on land!
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these;
Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

- 2 We love Thee, Lord! because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die
That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gav'st us hopes of heaven;
We love because we much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

JULIA ANN ELLIOTT.

- 87.87.87.
323 "A Friend that sticketh closer than
a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a
Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

- 2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever,

- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

- 4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever.

4.666666.66.

- 324 "He that soweth good seed is the
Son of man."—Matt. xiii. 37.

- 1 SOWER Divine,
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
A hundredfold to yield.
Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine.

- 2 Sower Divine,
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield;
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness, and in light,
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine.

- 3 Sower Divine,
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry;
Refresh it from on high.
Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine.

ITS COURSE.

76.76.66.76.

- 325 "Peace through the blood of the
cross."—Col. i. 20.

- 1 JESUS, keep me near the cross!
There a precious fountain,

- Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.
- 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There a bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.
In the cross, &c.
- 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Make me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.
In the cross, &c.
- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever;
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.
In the cross, &c.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

76.76.76.10.97.89.

326 "All Thy works shall praise Thee,
O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless
Thee."—Ps. cxlv. 10.

- 1 THE valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains,
The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
The flowers that deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of my God.
Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to the God above;
Praises through the wide creation,
Sound aloud His greatness and
His love.
- 2 And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its King,
And man, the noble creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew his pathway.
And all the senses please, [praise?
And man withhold the sacrifice of
Praise Him ye that live for ever;
Praise Him every heart and voice;
Praise Him, He's the glorious giver;
Praise Him in your sorrows and
your joys.
- 3 The word of life He gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us
He gave His Son to die—

- To die in shame a
To die a sacrifice
To save us from the d
dies.
Praise Him, praise H
Praise Him, prai
Soul;
Praise Him, every t
Praise Him for th
won.
- 4 Then train your y
To hymn His pr
For he who here r
In Jesus' dying
Around His thron
Shall all His lov
And sing the song of
Lamb.
Praise Him, praise th
Praise Him, praise
Praise Him, praise
gether,
Father, Son, and I
One.

65.65.

327 "And confessed
strangers and j
earth."—Heb. x

- 1 SAFE across the
Here in peace
See the wrecks of
Strewed along t
- 2 Safe across the wa
Foes for ever go
Now we march in
God our guide a
- 3 'Tis the silent des
sand, and rock,
But the chain is b
And the peril pa
- 4 Onward, then, rig
This our watchv
Till we reach the
Of the wondrous
- 5 For the journey g
Haste we on our
The pillar-cloud al
Guide by night
- 6 On through waste
O'er our desert r
On till Salem gree
City of our God.
HOE

76.76.

strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. xi. 13.
 PPY band of pilgrims,
 onward ye will tread,
 Jesus as your Fellow,
 Jesus as your Head!
 y, if ye labour
 Jesus did for men;
 y, if ye hunger
 Jesus hungered then!
 Jesus that Jesus carried,
 hurried as your due;
 own that Jesus weareth,
 earth it for you.
 ith by which ye see Him,
 hope in which ye yearn,
 ve that through all troubles,
 im alone will turn;
 als that beset you,
 orrows ye endure,
 nifold temptations
 death alone can cure;—
 re they, but His jewels,
 ht celestial worth!
 re they, but the ladder
 p to heaven on earth!
 y band of pilgrims,
 upward to the skies,
 such a light affliction
 win you such a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.

87.87.47.

*e Lord went before them . . . by
 and by night.*"—Exod. xiii. 21.
 me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 grim through this barren land;
 ak, but Thou art mighty,
 ne with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 ne till I want no more.
 ou the crystal fountain,
 e the healing streams do flow;
 eryl, cloudy pillar
 ne all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer!
 u still my strength and shield.
 tread the verge of Jordan,
 y anxious fears subside:
 death, and hell's destruction!
 ne safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 ver give to Thee. WILLIAMS.

L.M.

330 "Forsake me not, O Lord."—
 Ps. xxxviii. 21.

- 1 IN the fair morning of our youth,
 O Lord, be Thou our God and
 guide;
 Direct us in the way of truth,
 And may we never turn aside.
- 2 In manhood's noon be with us still,
 Director of our every way;
 Keep us devoted to Thy will,
 Steadfast through life's advancing day,
- 3 And in the chilly eve of age,
 'Mid failing strength and drooping
 power,
 Still may Thy love our hearts engage,
 And sanctify life's closing hour.
- 4 Thus when we come to yield our
 breath,
 Prepared for that last mortal strife,
 May we be faithful unto death,
 And then receive a crown of life.

C.M.

331 "I love them that love Me."—
 Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
 How loving must Thou be,
 To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
 A little child like me!
- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near;
 The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
 With pressure light and mild.
 To check me, as my mother did
 When I was but a child;
- 4 But I have felt Thee in my thought,
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from Thee.
- 5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
 Morning and night to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me Thou art there.
- 6 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too,
 The prayer is all for me;
 But I when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

87.87.87.

332 "He took them up in His arms, . . . and blessed them."—Mark x. 16.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be:
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.
- 3 Let Thy holy word instruct us:
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve what's ever is right;
Let us feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let us prove Thy burden light.
- 4 Taught to hush the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may we bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King.

JANE E. LEESON.

87.87.87.

333 "He shall carry the lambs in His bosom."—Isa. xl. 11.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
- 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. MUELENBERG.

L.M.

334 "Ashamed of Me."—Mark viii. 38.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?

Scorned be the thought
poor:

- My soul shall scorn it
Ashamed of Jesus!
May evening blush to
Ashamed of Jesus!
May midnight blush
Ashamed of Jesus, till
On whom my hopes o
No; when I blush, be
That I no more reve
Ashamed of Jesus!
When I've no guilt to
No tears to wipe, no
No fears to quell, no
Till then—nor is the
Till then I boast a Sa
And oh may this my
That Christ is not as

66.66.66

335 "My lips shall praise Thee."
Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 SHALL hymns of triumph
Through heav
ring,
And all the hosts al
Their songs of triu
And shall not we tak
And send the echo b
- 2 Shall every ransom
Of Adam's scatter
To Christ all power
Who saved them b
And shall not we tak
And send the echo b
- 3 Shall they adore th
Who bought them
And all the love re
That led them hom
And shall not we tak
And send the echo b
- 4 Oh! spread the joy
The saviour's love
And publish all aro
Salvation through
Till the whole world t
And send the echo b

JAMES
883.3.

336 "I am with you."
xxviii. 2

- 1 ON earth I know 't
A true and faithf

But One to me at least is kind,—
'Tis Jesus.

His presence quells my every fear,
His gentle voice I love to hear,
And none to me is half so dear
As Jesus.

Though friends be few and foes increase,
Yet I can dwell at perfect peace:
I've One whose love will ne'er decrease,—
'Tis Jesus.

When loosed upon life's troubled sea,
And darkest clouds around may be,
There's one dear Friend who watches me,—
'Tis Jesus.

When earthly friends do me forsake,
My heart is crushed and like to break,
My refuge in the breast I take
Of Jesus.

When pain and sickness are my lot,
And by dear friends I am forgot,
Yet there is One that changes not,—
'Tis Jesus.

When death's cold hand shall lay me low,
That is the latest foe I'll know;
Then, oh! triumphant let me go
To Jesus.

When all the ransomed ones shall meet
Around the throne to take their seat,
I hope to kiss the blessed feet
Of Jesus.

JAMES SMART.

37 "Lord, save us."—Matt. viii. 25.

- 1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.
GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNE.
65.65.

338 "We are strangers before Thee,
and pilgrims, as were all our
fathers."—1 Chron. xxix. 15.

- 1 I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.
- 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.
- 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.
- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.
- 5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

JOHN CURWEN.

77.77.

339 "The redeemed shall come with
singing."—Isa. li. 11.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Onward, then, we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness;
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CURWEN.

77.77.

340 "My soul shall be joyful in my God."—Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, life is fair,
I have known no secret care;
Sunbeams all around me rest,
Joy is still my bosom's guest.
- 2 Safe within a home of love,
Mercies round me daily prove
That I am a happy child,
Sheltered from the tempest wild.
- 3 Blessed Jesus, life is fair,
Therefore listen to my prayer;
Let me come within Thy fold,
Ere my heart grows hard and cold.
- 4 Though I am so happy now,
Health upon my youthful brow,
Yet I know that life will bring
Winter, too, as well as spring.
- 5 Therefore take me to Thy breast,
Let me on Thy bosom rest;
Fill my heart with love divine,
Let Thine image in me shine.
- 6 Teach me how to pray aright,
How to keep my God in sight:
Let me walk each day with Thee
And do Thou my Father be.
- 7 Then my life will all be bright,
Thou wilt be my joy and light,
And I shall not fear to die,
Heaven will be my home on high.

MRS. E. A. GODWIN.

C.M.D.

341 "My soul is even as a weaned child."—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

- 1 AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.
- 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

- 3 As loving as a child w'l
Close by his parent's
And knows no want w
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet,
Would all its love ou
And pray that Thou
me, Lord,
To love Thee more a
JAMES DRUM

77.77.

342 "Be clothed with
1 Pet. v. 5

- 1 JESUS, cast a look or
Give me sweet sim
Make me poor, and kee
Seeking only Thee to k
- 2 All that feeds my busy
Cast it evermore aside,
Bid my will to Thine s
Lay me humbly at Thy
- 3 Make me like a little cl
Of my strength and wi
Seeing only in Thy ligh
Walking only in Thy n
- 4 Leaning on Thy loving
Where a weary soul ma
Feeling well the power
Flowing from Thy pree
- 5 In this posture let me l
And hosannas daily gi
In this temper let me c
And hosannas ever cry

65.65.

343 "Hear, O Lord, c
upon me."—Ps.

- 1 JESUS, high in gl
Lend a listenin
When we bow befor
Children's praise:
- 2 Though Thou art s
Heaven's almight
Thou wilt stoop to
When Thy praise
- 3 We are little childr
Weak and apt to
Saviour, guide and
In the heavenly
- 4 Save us, Lord, from
Watch us day by
Help us now to lov
Take our sins awa

when Jesus calls us
our heavenly home,
ould gladly answer,
our Lord, we come,

F. W. HARRIS.

87.87.

For the little children to come
into Me."—Mark x. 14.
who art so high and holy,
ling in eternity,
nfant meek and lowly,
s to come to Thee.

who in accents tender
"Let children come to Me,"
arts would now surrender,
s to come to Thee.

ur of dark temptation,
re can no succour see,
ength and our salvation,
s to come to Thee.

spirits, worn and weary,
life's tumultuous sea,
ath is rough and dreary,
s to come to Thee.

pass through death's cold

love our solace be;
fear our souls deliver,
s to come to Thee.

MRS. WESTBROOK.

104.104.1010.

True light now shineth."—
1 John ii. 8.

kindly light, amid the en-
ciling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.

is dark, and I am far from

Lead Thou me on.

u my feet; I do not ask to

nt scene, one step enough

e.

ever thus, nor prayed that

Shouldst lead me on.

choose and see my path;

ow—

Lead Thou me on.

ie garish day, and, spite of

ed my will: remember not
ears.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
it still

Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
rent, till

The night is gone;
And, with the morn, those angel-
faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

99.98.88.88.

346 "I will go in the strength of the
Lord God."—Ps. lxxi 16.

1 I WILL go, in the strength of the
Lord,

In the path He hath marked for my
feet;

I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

2 I will go, in the strength of the Lord,
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford,
My soul shall her vigour renew.
His wisdom will guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove;
I trust His omnipotent arm;
I rest in His covenant love.

3 I will go, in the strength of the Lord,
To each conflict which faith may
require;

And His grace, as my shield and
reward,

My courage and zeal shall inspire.
If He give me the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
With sling and with stone in my hand
In the strength of the Lord will I go.

77.77.77.77.

347 "Spirit, soul, and body."—
1 Thess. v. 23.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated all to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne:
Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

348 64.64.664.
"As a little child."—Mark x. 15.

- 1 I'M but a little child,
Foolish and frail,
Yet, with the Saviour mild,
My prayers avail;
He deigns to hear me speak,
And though my words be weak,
They will prevail.
- 2 O Thou benignant Lord,
Loving and true!
Write on my heart Thy Word,
Help me to do
All Thou ordainest me,
While Thou sustainest me,
All my life through.
- 3 Jesus, Thy Spirit give,
In me to dwell;
That I to Thee may live,
Wisely and well;
As the years gather, still
Working Thy gentle will,
Nor e'er rebel.
- 4 If to maturer age
I should e'er grow,
'Mid all life's pilgrimage,
Help me to show
Still the child-spirit, free,
True, and pure, which in Thee
Dwelt here below.
- 5 So, as Thine own dear child,
When years shall end,
Where they dwell undefiled,
I shall ascend;
There near Thy throne to be,
There Thy loved face to see,
Saviour and Friend!

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

77.77.

349 "My Father, Thou art the guide
of my youth."—Jer. iii. 4.

- 1 FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice,
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

JAMES PAGE HOPPS.

C.M.

350 "Give Thy servant an understand-
ing heart."—1 Kings iii. 9.

- 1 I AM but young; be Thou my guide,
My Father, and my Friend;
In the young morning of my days
My prayers to Thee ascend.
- 2 I am but young; but prone to sin,
And daily go astray;
Direct my youthful feet to tread
The strait and narrow way.
- 3 I am but young; I have a soul
Which must for ever live;
And that it may be ever Thine,
Thy mercy to me give.
- 4 I am but young; but I may die,
For many young depart;
Dear Saviour, now create me Thine
In spirit and in heart.

- b O wash me in the sacred stream
Thy bleeding wounds supply;
And clothe me with that spotless dress
Blest spirits wear on high.

JOHN KENDRICK PELLY.

351 77.77.56.
"Christ loved us."—Eph. v. 2.

- 1 JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells
me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I may be weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.
- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

ANNA B. WARNER.

77.77.

352 "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive
glory and honour."—Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 JESUS, listen when we praise;
When we raise our voices high,
When we loud hosannas raise,
Let them pierce the upper sky.
- 2 Jesus, listen when we pray,
Though our words be very few,
Teach Thy children, day by day,
What to say and what to do.
- 3 Jesus, we would come to Thee,
For we all Thy blessing need;
Bless us when we bend the knee,
When Thy holy word we read.
- 4 When we listen to Thy truth,
When we think of Thy great love,
Bless us in our growing youth,
Train us for Thy courts above.
- 5 Jesus, listen to this prayer;
Listen to us all our days;
Thou art here and everywhere,
Thee we worship, Thee we praise.

JOSEPH SOUL.

C.M. (8 lines.)

353 "That we should follow His steps."
—1 Pet. ii. 21.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, to Thy little lambs
A lamb-like temper give,
And daily, hourly grace bestow
In joy and peace to live.
It was Thine own command that we
Should one another love,
And ever give Thee thanks, as do
Thine holy ones above.
- 2 Our hearts, by nature full of sin,
Do Thou, O Lord, renew;
And take each naughty thought away,
And all self-will subdue:
Thine own meek, lowly mind impart,
The spirit like a dove;
And daily may we learn of Thee,
As Thou hast loved to love.
- 3 As Thou forgivest all our sins,
So teach us to forgive;
As freely we receive from Thee,
So may we freely give.
O teach us to forbear like Thee,
Not answering again,
Remembering how our Saviour bore
The scoffs of wicked men.
- 4 When we are for our faults reproved
May we the fault confess,
And humbly seek Thy grace, that we
● May not again transgress:
Make us affectionate and kind,
Gentle, and meek, and good,
Mindful how dearly we were bought
With Thy most precious blood.

JANE E. LEESON.

L.M.

354 "The bond of peace."—Eph. iv. 3.

- 1 THE God of heaven is pleased to see
That little children all agree;
And will not slight the praise they
bring,
When loving children join to sing.
- 2 For love and kindness please Him
more
Than if we gave Him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love
Are like His happy ones above.
- 3 The gentle child who tries to please,
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
Who fears to say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

- 4 O God, forgive whenever we
Forget Thy will, and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

ANN TAYLOR.

C.M.

- 355 "Jesus of Nazareth . . . a prophet
mighty in deed and word."—Luke
xxiv. 19.

- 1 O GENTLE Teacher, ever near,
Our hearts with knowledge feed,
Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed.
2 Though now Thou art exalted high,
Our frailty Thou hast known;
Oh! teach us in Thy tender love,
Thy wisdom make us own.
3 Oh! stoop and take us in Thy arms,
And hear us as of old;
So shall our faith its zeal maintain,
Nor will our love grow cold.
4 Oh! write Thy laws upon our hearts,
In lines of truth and love;
And we at last shall see Thy face,
And hymn Thy praise above!

WILLIAM P. BALFERN.

77.88.77.

- 356 "He shall carry the lambs in His
bosom."—Isa. xl. 11.

- 1 I AM Jesu's little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me,
Even calls me by my name:
Every day He is the same.
2 Safely in and out I go,
Jesus loves and keeps me so;
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me;
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me
Where the waters softly flow,
Where the sweetest pastures grow.
3 Should I not be always glad?
None whom Jesus loves are sad;
And when this short life is ended,
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in paradise.

LOUISA VON HAYN.

S.M.

- 357 "Christ is all, and in all."—Col. iii. 11.

- 1 O EVERLASTING Light!
Shine graciously within;

Brightest of all on es
Come, shine away

- 2 O everlasting Truth
Truest of all that's
Sure guide of erring
Lead me and teach
3 O everlasting Stren
Uphold me in the
Bring me, in spite of
To joy, and light,
4 O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of gr
Pour down Thy ful
Bid doubt and tre
5 O everlasting Rest!
Lift off life's load
Relieve, revive this
And every sorrow
6 Thou art in heaven
Our all on earth;
Upon Thy glorious
Lord Jesus, bless

L.M. (6)

- 358 "In Him was
the light of m

- 1 O LIGHT, whose
From twilight
Shine Thou before
That lead our way
At morn and eve
That youth may lo
2 O Way, through w
To yon eternal Ho
Where perfect love
And earth's vain
cease;
In strength or we
Our heavenward pa
Thee.
3 O Truth, before wh
Thou priceless pea
To Thee our earlies
Thy love will bless
When dreams or mi
Turn Thou our dai
4 O Life, the Well t
To slake the thirst
Thy power to bless
Thy joy supreme w
In earth's last hou
Be Thou our Conc

it, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
born mankind to save,
Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
In our hope, our joy, our dread,
Of the living and the dead.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

C.M.

I am the good Shepherd.—

John x. 11.

HEARD of Israel, from above
A feeble flock behold;
That us never lose Thy love,
Wander from Thy fold.
Nought not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To lead them lest they go astray,
Keep them safe from fear.
Under care supports the weak,
Will not let them fall;
Teach us, Lord, Thy praise to
Sing on Thy name to call.
Nought Thy help, for we are frail;
Light, for we are blind;
Where'er all our doubts prevail,
Rove that Thou art kind.

us the things we ought to know;
may we find them true;
ill in stature as we grow,
wise in wisdom too.

us through life; and when at
last enter into rest,
Under arms around us cast,
Fold us to Thy breast!

WILLIAM HILEY HATHURST.

666.4.

Our guide even unto death.—

Ps. xlviii. 14.

THOU and Lord of all!
Turn every heart to Thee!
Lead us and guide us safe
Over life's sea.

When we are full of grief,
Of anxious fear,
Thou our hearts' relief;
Jesus, be near!

When our darkest hour,
The last hour shall come;
In Thy love and power,
Lead, take us home.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

77.77.

361 *"I am but a little child."*—
1 Kings iii. 7.

1 EVERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make,
To grow Christ-like day by day;

2 Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall;
Little hopes and fears and cares,
Saviour, Thou dost know them all.

3 Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And Himself was once a child.

77.77.

362 *"Hath not God chosen the poor?"*
—Jas. ii. 5.

1 POOR and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile,
And when this short life is past
I shall rest with Him at last.

5 Then to Him I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,
God Almighty cares for me.

DOROTHY ANN THURPP.

54.54.54.54.

363 *"My Rock and my Redeemer."*—
Ps. xli. 14.

1 FATHER, O hear me,
Bend from above;
Breathe on me blessing,
Breathe in me love.
Shield me from danger,
Trouble, and strife;
Aid me in climbing
Steep hills of life.

2 Dark angels, leave me,
Frail is your power,

If I am guarded
By Him each hour;
He will not leave me
If I entreat
Aid and protection
Here at His feet.

- 3 Father, O hear me,
Bend from above;
Breathe on me blessing,
Breathe in me love.
Father, O fold me
Close to Thy breast,
Then sink I sweetly
And safely to rest.

C. BRUCE.

87.87.87.

364 "Be ye followers of God, as dear children."—Ephes. v. 1.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing

On Thy children gathered here;
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear;
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

- 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their
weakness

Bless and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.

- 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guidethem, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

77.75.77.75.

365 "Help me, O Lord my God; O save me."—Ps. cix. 26.

- 1 LORD, we bend before Thee now,
And with one united vow
To Thy sacred service now
All our lives resign;

Only to each youthful heart,
Courage, patience, help, impart;
Then, if Thou our Leader art,
Glory shall be Thine.

- 2 But can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered host withstand,
And resist, with dauntless hand,
All their mighty powers?
Saviour, in Thy name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
"Saving help" is ours.

- 3 Far above our mortal sight,
Near Thy throne in shining light,
Happy spirits, clothed in white,
Strike their harps and cry:—
"Jesus triumphed when He rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes,
Now His faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory."

- 4 Saviour, if Thy cross we bear,
May we hope Thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high?
Hear us, then, we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day;
Let us 'neath Thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

MRS. PARSON.

87.87.

366 "He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.
- 5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven :
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

HORATIUS BONAR.

76.76.76.76.

367 "Not unto ourselves, but unto Him
who died for us and rose again."—
2 Cor. v. 15.

1 I LOVE my precious Saviour,
Because He died for me ;
And if I did not serve Him,
How sinful I should be !
I know He makes me happy,
And hears me when I pray :
I'll keep fast hold on Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

2 Dear Saviour, make me holy ;
Let me be gentle, mild,
Obedient, loving, lowly,
A truly Christ-like child.
Yes ! still though Satan tempt me,
And make me sad, I'll say,
"I long to be like Jesus,—
The Bible says I may."

3 Though I can do but little,
Yet I will always try
To tell some little children
How Jesus came to die.
God help me to be useful
In all I do or say !
I mean to work for Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

4 And while I'm loving Jesus,
I feel so glad to know
That making others happy
Will make me happy too.
When others hear me singing,
I'll not forget to say,—
"You, too, can be as happy,
The Bible says you may."

5 And since I've found my Saviour,
The first link in the chain,
I'll trust in Him for ever,
Till heaven at last I gain.
I love that blessed country,
Where tears are wiped away ;
I want to live with Jesus,—
The Bible says I may. W. P. RIX.

65.65.65.65.

368 "I being in the way, the Lord led
me."—Gen. xxiv. 27.

1 LORD of life and glory,
Gracious heavenly King,

Help us each the story
Of Thy grace to sing.
Fill us all with gladness,
Fill us all with love ;
Send us all forgiveness
From Thy throne above.

2 Gratefully we thank Thee
That Thou hast us led
In a path of safety—
Given us daily bread.
Gratefully we thank Thee
That, by day and night,
Thou hast sent to guard us
Angels pure and bright.

3 Gratefully we thank Thee
That, with lavish hand,
O'er the daisied meadow,
And o'er ocean's strand,
In the gorgeous sunset,
In the hush of night,
Thou hast spread Thy beauties,
Shown Thy wondrous might.

4 Lord, we bow before Thee,
Holy, holy, King ;
We are all unworthy
Thy great name to sing.
We have sinned and wandered,
Wandered from our home,
Left our loving Father,
Far away to roam.

5 Jesus, tender Shepherd,
Thanks to Thee be given
For the love which brought Thee
Down to earth from heaven ;
And which o'er the moorland,
Far o'er deserts wild,
Never tired or wearied,
Sought Thy straying child.

6 Jesus, tender Shepherd,
Clasp us to Thy breast,
Never let us leave Thee,
Give us lasting rest.
Wash us in the fountain
Of Thy precious blood,
Make us hate all evil,
Make us love all good.

7 So when life is ended,
And death's shadows come,
Lead us through the darkness
To our heavenly home.

A white robe do Thou give us,
Help us, Lord, to sing
Never-ending praises
To our Saviour King.

FREDERICK J. HUGHES.

77.77.

369 "Leaving us an example."—
1 Peter ii. 21.

- 1 MORE like Jesus would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell with me,
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove.
- 2 More like Jesus would I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell in me.
- 3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day;
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
- 4 Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued;
Rich in faith I still would be;
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

77.77.77.

370 "Behold the Lamb of God."—
John i. 29.

- 1 LAMB of God, who came from heaven,
Cam'st to shed Thy precious blood,
That our sins might be forgiven,
And our souls brought near to God:
Lamb of God, who died for me,
Help my soul to trust in Thee.
- 2 Thou art pure and undefiled,
Meek and lowly; free from sin;
I am but a sinful child,
Angry tempers dwell within:
Lamb of God, who died for me,
Give me grace to learn of Thee.
- 3 I would follow Thee alone,
Thou dost bid me, day by day,
Strive to do as Thou hast done,
And my Father's law obey:
Lamb of God, who died for me,
Teach me how to follow Thee.
- 4 Thou art reigning now above,
Where all sins and sorrows cease;
Guide me by Thy watchful love,
Till I reach that land of peace:
Lamb of God, who died for me,
Let me rest in heaven with Thee.

MRS. BOURDILLON.

1111.1111

371 "He shall gather
His arm."—Isa.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd
tear.

Folded in His bosom, I
fear?

Only let us follow whither
To the thirsty desert, or

2 Jesus is our Shepherd
His voice,

How its gentlest whisper
heart rejoice;

Even when it chide
tone;

None but He shall guide
His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd
He bled,

Every lamb is sprinkled
He shed;

Upon each He setteth
sign.

"They that have Me
saith He, "are Mine

4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
arm,

Though the wolves never
can do us harm;

When we tread Death
with fearful gloom

We will fear no evil,
HI

87.87.47.

372 "He calleth His own
and leadeth them

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd
Much we need Thee

In Thy pleasant pasture
For our use Thy flock

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us

2 We are Thine, do Thou
Be the Guardian of

Keep Thy flock, from
Seek us when we go

Blessed Jesus,
Hear the children's

3 Thou has promised to
Poor and sinful thou

Thou hast mercy to
Grace to cleanse, and

Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
DOROTHY ANN TERPUP.
664.6664.

373 "I live by the faith of the Son of
God."—Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away:
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

77.77.

374 "I am the good Shepherd."—
John x. 11.

- 1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep,
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.
- 2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day;
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.
- 3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my foot to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

- 4 Where Thou leadest may I go;
Walking in Thy steps below;
Then, before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

JANE E. LEESON.

77.77.77.

375 "Thou wilt show me the path of
life."—Ps. xvi. 11.

- 1 LORD, Thy children guide and keep
As with feeble steps they press,
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread:—
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to tread:—
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die:—
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades:
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

C.M.

376 "Mary hath chosen that good part."
—Luke x. 42.

- 1 LORD, grant us at Thy feet to sit,
Like Mary day by day;
And teach us that good part to choose
Which none shall take away.
- 2 In quietness and lowliness
To listen to Thy voice,
To know that all Thy will is love,
To have no selfish choice.
- 3 We cannot do great things for Thee,
Thou dost not such require;
To walk in wisdom's holy ways,
Be this our chief desire.

- 4 The one thing needful, is to have
Our souls prepared for heaven;
Such grace e'en little ones may crave,
Such grace to us be given.

888.4.

377 "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."
—Matt. xxvi. 39.

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,—
"Thy will be done."

- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done."

- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee:
"Thy will be done."

- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,—
"Thy will be done."

- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
"Thy will be done."

- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
"Thy will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

87.87.47.

378 "Incline not my heart to any evil
thing."—Ps. cxli. 4.

- 1 FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through:
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see:
Changed in spirit,
We shall then Thy children be.

- 3 When temptations shal
When we falter by th
Let Thine arm of stren
Saviour, hear us whei
Thou art mig
Be Thou then our roc
4 Praise and blessing, po
Will we render, Lord,
For the news of Thy sal
Shall extend from sea
All the natio
Joyfully shall worshi
M

87.87.87.

379 "Lead us not into
deliver us from evil.

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Fi
O'er the world's ter
Guard us, guide us, kee
For we have no help
Yet possessing every bl
If our God our Fathe
2 Saviour, breathe forgiv
All our weakness Tho
Thou didst tread this ea
Thou didst feel its ke
Lone and dreary, faint:
Through the desert T
3 Spirit of our God, desce
Fill our hearts with h
Love with every passio
Pleasure that can nev
Thus provided, pardone
Nothing can our peac
JAME

64.64.64.64.

380 "It is I, be not c
Matt. xiv. 2

- 1 FIERCE was the wi
Dark was the nig
Oars laboured heavily
Foam glimmered w
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh:
Thus said the God of
"Peace! it is I."
2 Ridge of the mountai
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,—
Sorrow must fly,—
Where, saith the Ligt
"Peace! it is I."

Jesu, Deliverer!

Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.

Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
"Peace! it is I."

ANATOLIUS.

IRREGULAR.

1 "They escaped all safe to land."—
Acts xxvii. 44.

IGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is
at hand!

e o'er the foaming billows Fair
Haven's land.

rear was the voyage, sailor, now
almost o'er;

fe within the life-boat, sailor, pull
for the shore.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for
the shore!

Heed not the rolling waves, but
bend to the oar;

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling
to self no more!

Leave the poor old stranded
wreck and pull for the shore.

ust in the life-boat, sailor; all else
will fail,

ronger the surges dash and fiercer
the gale;

eed not the stormy winds though
loudly they roar,

atch the "Bright and Morning
Star," and pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, &c.

ight gleams the morning, sailor,
uplift the eye;

ouds and darkness disappearing,
glory is nigh;

fe in the life-boat, sailor, sing ever-
more,

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Pull for
the shore.

Pull for the shore, &c.

PHILLIP P. BLISS.

65.65.65.65.

2 "Immediately the ship was at the
land whither they went."—

John vi. 21.

1 JESUS is our Pilot,
No one else can guide
Our frail barque in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.

When the waves of trouble

Baffle human skill,

He can always calm them

With His "Peace, be still."

Jesus is our Pilot,

Guided by His hand,

We shall reach the haven

On the golden strand.

2 Jesus is our Pilot,

Through His mighty arm

We are safe from danger—

Safe from fear and harm.

In His strong protection

We may ever rest;

Refuge from all sorrow

Is His faithful breast.

Jesus is our Pilot, &c.

3 Jesus is our Pilot,

Well He knows the way

From this realm of shadows

To the realm of day.

He can find the harbour

Others seek in vain,

There the Lord of glory

Evermore He'll reign.

Jesus is our Pilot, &c.

64. (12 lines.)

383 "When they were come into the ship
the wind ceased."—Matt. xiv. 32

1 STAR of eternal day,

Cloudless and bright,

Guide of the pilgrim's way,

Banish my night:

Come, Thou celestial Dove,

Dwell in my heart;

Source of immortal love,

Never depart.

Oh! how I long for Thee,

Spirit Divine!

What is the world to me?

Jesus is mine.

2 Over the rolling wave

Cheerless and dark,

Thou, who hast power to save,

Steer Thou my barque:

What though the storm be heard

Far o'er the deep;

Lord, 'tis Thy gentle word

Lulls it to sleep.

Help me to trust in Thee,

Spirit Divine;

No greater joy for me,

Jesus is mine.

3 When shall my wanderings cease?

When shall I rest
Safe in the port of peace,
Happy and blest?
There from Thy dear embrace
Severed no more,
Lord, I shall see Thy face,
Praise and adore.
Oh! I would fly to Thee,
Spirit Divine!
Earth has no tie for me,
Jesus is mine.

77.77.

384 "Be of the same mind one toward another."—Rom. xii. 16.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our strifes for ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To the world the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above;
And with faith and comfort high
Show how true believers die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

777.3.

385 "Watch and pray."—Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 "CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice proclaim
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear t
Him thou lovest to ob
Hide within thy heart
"Watch

6 Watch, as if on that a
Hung the issue of the
Pray, that help may b
"Watch
CHARL

77.77.

386 "In whom ye
Eph. i. 1

- 1 HAPPY, Saviour, w
If I could but tr
Trust Thy wisdom me
Trust Thy goodness t
- 2 Trust Thy saving lov
Trust Thee every day
Trust Thy blood to cl
Trust Thy grace to m
- 3 Trust Thee living, dy
Trust Thee all my joy
Trust Thee, till my fe
Planted on the cryst
- 4 Trust Thee, ever-ble
Till I wear the victor
Trust Thee till my so
Wholly swallowed up

76.86.76.

387 "Leaving us a
1 Pet. ii.

- 1 I WANT to be lik
So lowly and s
For no one mark
That ever heard
I want to be like J
So frequently in
Alone, upon the m
He met His Fat
- 2 I want to be like J
I never, never fi
That He, though I
To any one unk
I want to be like J
Engaged in doin
So that of me it m
"She hath done
- 3 I want to be like
Who sweetly sa
"Let little childr
I would obey th

'm not like Jesus,
ne may see;
le Saviour, send Thy grace,
ke me like to Thee.

WILLIAM M. WHITTEMORE.

77.77.

h He be not far from every
fus."—Acts xvii. 27.

rey, throned on high,
from Thy lofty seat;
r our feeble cry;
uide our wandering feet.

erjing travellers, we
ngers do not know;
r the stormy sea,
d the tempest blow.

of the young,
with Thy blood divine;
of sin grow strong,
eep us, make us Thine.

ext in danger's snare,
e our Guide canst be;
est with woe and care,
ve we to trust but Thee?

hear Thy voice,
ounsel every day;
ngels will rejoice,
k in wisdom's way.

e us faith, and pour
love on every soul;
ime shall be no more;
le endless ages roll.

HENRY NEELE.

87.87.

n unto the Lord thy God."

—Hos. xiv. 1.

RD of those sunlit moun-

ernal summer reigns,
love, like flowing fountains,
right glory o'er the plains;
lerness of sorrow.

crook now guide our feet;
Thy words, oh, feed and
is

uth most pure and sweet!
love like sheep we wander,
err'd from Thy way;
ring voice reclaim us,

us from Thee stray.

4 Thou didst give Thy life to save us,
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep;
To Thy fold again restore us,
All our hearts now claim and keep.

WILLIAM R. BALFERN.

C.M.

390 "My son, give Me thine heart."—
Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

65.65.65.65.65.65.

391 "I will speak, that I may be re-
freshed."—Job xxxii. 20.

1 SING a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint,
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;

If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long;
If thou dread'st the morrow,
Tell it Him in song;

Though Thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.

2 Jesus, we are lowly,
Thou art very high;
We are all unholy,
Thou art purity.

We are frail and fleeting,
Thou art still the same;
All life's joys are meeting
In Thy blessed name.

Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

3 All His words are music,
Though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.

Time can never render
All in Him I see;
Infinitely tender

Human piety.
Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint,
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

4 Jesus, let me love Thee,
Infinitely sweet;
What are the poor odours
I bring to Thy feet?
Yet I love Thee, love Thee.
Come into my heart;
And ere long remove me
To be where Thou art.
This I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

76.76.76.

392 "Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.
FANNY J. CROSBY.

76.76.

393 "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."
—Matt. xviii. 14.

1 CHILDREN above are singing,
With voices sweet and clear;
The Saints with joy are bringing
Their heavenly music near.
2 Children who live in heaven
Are happy round the throne;
Their sins are all forgiven,
Through Jesus Christ alone.
3 Children on earth are praying
That they may worthy be;
Through Jesus Christ each saying—
Oh! save a child like me.
4 Children on earth are praising
The Saviour for His love;
The Sabbath schools are raising
A song like those above.
5 Children who live in heaven
Are saved through Christ alone;
Children on earth forgiven,
The same Redeemer own.
6 Soon we shall join the chorus
Of anthems sung above,
With children gone before us,
Around the God of love.

JOHN KENDRICK PELLY.

77.77.

394 "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."
—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

1 WHEN you're sleeping, children fair
Angels keeping watch are there
Through the night, till comes the light
And you say your morning prayer.
2 When you're playing all the day,
When you wander far away,
By your side an angel-guide
Watches, lest you go aside.

hen, heart-weary, each has trod
 e's great journey all the road,
 angel-hands, to other lands,
 rry back the soul to God.

L.M.

5 "For the Lord thy God will hold
 thy right hand."—Isa. xli. 13.

[E] leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort
 fraught!

ate'er I do, where'er I be,
 ll 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
 By His own hand He leadeth me:
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

netimes 'mid scenes of deepest
 gloom,
 netimes where Eden's bowers
 bloom,
 waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
 ll 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me, &c.

rd, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 r ever murmur nor repine,
 ntent, whatever lot I see,
 ee 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me, &c.

d when my task on earth is done,
 en, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 n death's cold wave I will not flee,
 ce Thou through Jordan leadest me.
 He leadeth me, &c.

J. H. GILMORE.

3 83.83.8883.
 "All is well."—2 Sam. xviii. 28.
 HEAR a sweet voice ringing clear,
 All is well!

is my Father's voice I hear,
 All is well!
 ere'er I walk that voice is heard:
 is my God, my Father's word,
 or not, but trust: I am the Lord;
 All is well!

happy days I love to sing,
 All is well!
 dst sounding songs I spread the
 wing,
 All is well!

urst from out my prison bars,
 r Satan's hate my transport mars;
 ar and sing beyond the stars,
 All is well!

3 But then, when darker days come on,
 All is well!
 I sigh that I am far from home;
 All is well!

Then, like a dove far from her nest,
 I mourn to be for ever blest:
 I know there is a land of rest,
 All is well!

4 Clouds cannot long obscure my sight,
 All is well!
 I know there is a land of light,
 All is well!
 From strength to strength, from day
 to day,
 I tread along the world's highway;
 Or often stop to sing or say,
 All is well!

5 In morning hours serene and bright,
 All is well!
 In evening hours, or darkening night,
 All is well!
 And when to Jordan's side I come,
 'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
 Oh! let me sing as I go home,
 All is well!

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

87.87.

397 "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be
 safe."—Ps. cxix. 117.

1 HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me
 I should live to Thee alone:
 Year by year Thy hand hath brought
 me
 On through dangers oft unknown.

2 When I wandered, Thou hast found
 me;
 When I doubted, sent me light;
 Still Thine arm has been around me;
 All my paths were in Thy sight.

3 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I,
 And the strife may never fall me,
 Well I know, before I die.

4 Therefore, Lord, I come believing
 Thou canst give the power I need;
 Through the prayer of faith, receiving
 Strength—the Spirit's strength in-
 deed.

5 I would trust in Thy protection,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
 Follow wholly Thy direction,
 Thou mine only Guard from harm.

Keep me from mine own undoing :
Let me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

66.65.65.65.

198 "We will come unto him, and make
our abode with him."—John xiv. 23.

1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour :
Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait,
For Thine endless glory,
For Thy royal state.

2 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

3 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise,
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

4 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear ;
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.
Oh ! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this ?—
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

5 Ah ! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home ?
We must wait for heaven,
Then the day will come.
Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may ;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep away.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

77.77.77.

399 "In Him we live, and move, and
have our being."—Acts xvii. 28.

GOD is near me when the light
Bids me look on all things bright,

And before my wondering eye
Worlds of beauty round me lie ;
Thine the light,—it is Thy touch
Wakes my eyes to see so much.

2 God is near us in the rain,
Precious to the wheaten grain ;
In the sunshine God is near,
Ripening corn our hearts to cheer ;
Never absent—year by year—
When is not our Saviour near ?

3 In the love of mother dear
God is with me still more near ;
Love that laps my infancy,
Weak and helpless as I lie ;
O so tender ! O so kind !
Here, my God, Thy love I find.

4 Nearer still, yes, still more near
God, our Father, doth appear ;
Him I see in Jesu's face,
Full of truth and full of grace ;
Once, like me, a little child,
Only always meek and mild.

5 God is near me when I stray
From the strait and narrow way ;
Sees me wandering with the lost,
Wants me back at any cost ;
Jesus beckons, calls me back
To the happy, homeward track.

W. K. LEWIS.

C.M.

400 "Lead me in Thy truth, and teach
me."—Ps. xxv. 5.

1 TEACH me, O Lord, where'er I move,
To find some trace of Thee,
And read some record of Thy love
In everything I see.

2 If beauteous flowers should open near,
From Thee their beauty springs ;
If thorns and nettles make me fear,
Thy power controls their stings.

3 In every path of daily life
Uphold me in Thy fear ; [strife.
Teach me, 'midst scenes of peace or
To say, My Father's here.

4 Though harm and evil walk my path,
Still let me see Thee there ;
And know that Thou canst curb their
wrath,
And hast me in Thy care.

5 I know that I am very frail,
A poor and helpless child ;
And fearful foes my heart assail
Along the pathway wild.

- 6 Then teach me, Lord, where'er I move,
To find some trace of Thee;
And read some record of Thy love
In everything I see.

EDWIN PATTON HOOD.

77.77.

- 401 "We love Him because He first
loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

- 1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey:
Sweeter lesson cannot be—
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

888.5.

- 402 "That Rock was Christ."—
1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 SING of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never;
V/ho or what from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?

- 2 With His blood the Lord hath bought
them,
When they knew Him not He sought
them, [them,
And from all their wanderings brought
His the praise alone.

- 3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds
them, [them
And through all their way He speeds
To their home above.

- 4 There they see the Lord who bought
them, [them,
Him who came from heaven and sought
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

THOMAS KELLY.

65.65.65.65.

- 403 "I have given Him for a leader."—
Isa. lv. 4.

- 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high,

- 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

- 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee
Save to Thee, dear Saviour?
Only unto Thee.
Brightly gleams, &c.

- 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

- 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the toil is over
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease,
Brightly gleams, &c.

THOMAS J. POTTER.

1111.1111.

404 "God Himself is with us for our Captain."—2 Chron. xli. 12.

1 MARCH onward, march onward, our banner of light
Is waving before us majestic and bright;
March onward, through trial, temptation, and strife,
No rest from the conflict—the battle of life.

Press forward, look upward, be strong in the Lord,
Our hope in His mercy, our trust in His word,
Press forward, look upward, march homeward, and sing,
All glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.

2 March onward, undaunted, whate'er may oppose,
The sword of the Spirit will vanquish our foes;
Though legions of darkness our pathway assail,
If prayer be our watchword, they cannot prevail.

Press forward, &c.

3 The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain,
Our buckler of faith in Immanuel's name;
The storm-cloud may gather, the thunder may roll,
Yet God is the refuge and rock of the soul.

Press forward, &c.

4 March onward, O vision of rapture untold!
The victors for Jesus ere long shall behold
The land of our promise, the home of our rest,
And dwell with our Captain eternally blest.

Press forward, &c.

65. (12 lines.)

405 "Be strong, and of good courage."—Deut. xxxi. 6.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;

Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward, into battle,
Still His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Onward, &c.

S. BARING-GOULD.

65.65.65.65.

406 "Strangers on the earth."—Heb. xi. 13.

1 LIFE is not all sunshine;
Should the morn be fair,
Noon may bring its tempest
Black with strife and care:
This is not our dwelling,
Let whatever come,

We are pilgrims only,
Earth is not our home.

2 Life has joys to try us,
Specious lures to prove
Whether we are worthy
Of a Father's love;
Life has storms to warn us
That this barren sand
Is but on our passage
To the better land.

3 Forward, Christian pilgrim,
Fix not here thy tent;
Look not round in envy,
Doubt, or discontent.
Forward, Christian racer,
To the work press on,
Till of thy high calling
Thou the prize hast won.

4 Forward, Christian soldier,
Firm to do or die;
Let not fear defraud thee
Of thy victory.
Here are pain and sorrow,
Here are grief and care;
To that good land hasten,
Only joy is there.

87.87.87.87.

07 "Pilgrims on the earth."—
Heb. xi. 13,
THROUGH the night of doubt and
sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land:
And before us, through the darkness,
Gleameth clear the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope that God inspires.
One the strain which lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us reigning
In His love for evermore.

4 Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,
Visit first the cross and grave;
Now the cross its shadow flingeth,
Now the boughs of cypress wave:
Soon, shaking as of earthquakes,
Soon a rending of the tomb,
Soon, scattering of the shadows,
And an end of toil and gloom.

S. BARKING-GOULD.

65.65.65.65.

408 "With songs and everlasting joy
upon their heads."—Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 O Our way rejoicing
as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be;
If our sky be clouded,
Clouds are not from Thee.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can;
Thou who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crow the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Victorious the leader,
Vanquished is the foe.
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, 'we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing,
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Eversoremore.

J. B. S. MONSELL.

65.65.65.65.

409 "War, good warfare."—1 Tim.
i. 18.

1 CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prattle around?
Christ! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;

Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian! dost thou *fee* them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble,
Never yield to fear!
Smite them by the virtue
Of almighty prayer.

3 Christian! dost thou *hear* them,
How they speak the fair?
"Always fast and vigi!"
Always watch and payer?"
Christian! answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy troubles,
O My servant true!
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

ANDREW F. CRETE.

1010.1111.

410 "He that endureth to the end shall
be saved."—Matt. x 22.

1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian, when
it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the
night's longest;
Onward, and onward still, be thine
endeavour: [ever.
The rest that remaineth shall be for
2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is
o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is
before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth
never;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.
3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it
closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it
reposest;
Thee, from the love of Christ, nothing
shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done, praise
Him for ever.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

411 87.87.87.
"A little while."—John xvi. 16.

1 **M**Y days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's
strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining
shore

We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord gave us the word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our
home,
For ever and for ever.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

D. NELSON.

87.87.887.

412 "Strangers and pilgrims on the
earth."—Heb. xi. 13.

1st Ch. 1 **W**HITHER, pilgrims, are
you going,
Going each with staff in
hand?

2nd Ch. We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's com-
mand:

Chor. Over hills, and plains, and
valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

1st Ch. 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?

2nd Ch. No, for friends, unseen, are
near us,

Chor. Holy angels round us stand,
Christ our Leader walks beside
us,

He will guard, and He will
guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

- 3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you
hope for
In that far-off better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of
glory [hand.
From a Saviour's loving
We shall drink of life's clear
river,
We shall dwell with God for
ever, [land.
In that bright, that better
4 Pilgrims, may we travel with
you [land?
To that bright and better
Come and welcome, come and
welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim
band.
Come, oh come, and do not
leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better
land.

87.87.

"By little and little."—Exod.
xxiii. 30.

E by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
As are coming, some are going,
Not strive to grasp them all.
By one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Not fear an armed band,
Will fade while others greet thee,
Lows passing through the land.
As are golden links, God's token,
Shine heaven, but one by one;
If them, lest the chain be broken,
Thy pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

S.M.

"Take unto you the whole armour
of God."—Eph. vi. 13.

LDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
In the strength which God
supplies
Through His Eternal Son.
In the Lord of Hosts,
In His mighty power,
In the strength of Jesus trusts
More than conqueror.
In, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endured:

- But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
6 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
CHARLES WESLEY.

65. (12 lines.)

415 "Speak unto the children of Israel,
that they go forward."
Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 FORWARD! be our watchword
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.
2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eye be light.
3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day,
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;

Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light.

- 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.
- 5 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

HENRY ALFORD.

65.65.665.

- 416 "Thou art my trust from my
youth."—Ps. lxxi. 5.

- 1 **SUNNY** days of childhood!
Beautiful ye seem;
Fair as spring-time flowers,
Bright as summer's beam.
Days with joy o'erflowing,
Care nor sadness knowing,
Must ye pass away?
- 2 Happy days of childhood
Swiftly moving on;
Into manhood changing
Ye will soon be gone.
Like a streamlet flowing,
Pause nor stillness knowing.
Thus ye pass away!
- 3 Precious days of childhood!
Days of promise fair;
If bedewed with wisdom,
Rich the fruits ye bear.
Jesus' footsteps keeping,
Blest shall be our reaping
In life's harvest day.
- 4 Sunny days of childhood!
We no tear will shed

When, like spring-tide flowers,
Youth and health are fled.
Earthly scenes forsaking,
We shall hail the breaking
Of an endless day.

WILLIAM H. GROSE

65.65.65.65.

- 417 "Your life is hid with Christ
God."—Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **JESUS**, great Redeemer,
Source of life divine!
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine!
Light of peace eternal,
Prince of peace, restore;
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore.
- 2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed!
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need!
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!—
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of Charity!
- 3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin,
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure!
Let Thy perfect image
In our heart endure.
- 4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever-blessed Dove!
Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
Our unworthy worship
Condescend to take!

ADA CAMBRIDGE

87.87.

- 418 "The Lord is my Shepherd
Ps. xxiii. 1.

- 1 **THE** King of love my Shepherd
Whose goodness faileth never
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

I foolish oft I strayed,
 Love He sought me,
 Shoulder gently laid,
 Rejoicing, brought me.
 Ark vale I fear no ill
 Dear Lord, beside me;
 Staff my comfort still,
 Before to guide me.
 'Tis a table in my sight;
 On grace bestoweth,
 At transport of delight
 Pure chalice floweth!
 Though all the length of days
 Seas faileth never;
 And, may I sing Thy praise
 Thy house for ever.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

65.65.65.65.

ess toward the mark."—

Phil. iii. 14.

O, blessed Saviour,

While we sing;

Thy voices raising

To our King.

Thou we offer,

Hope to be,

Thy, and spirit,

Yield to Thee.

Ever nearer,

Thou draw to Thee,

Adoration

Thy low the knee.

Thy our redemption,

On earth to die;

Thou we might follow,

Thou ne up on high.

Thou d ever greater,

Thy mercies here;

Thy everlasting

Thy glories there:

Thy pain or sorrow,

Thy care is known;

Thy angel-legions

Thou round Thy throne.

Thy, and clearer,

Thy the light from heaven,

Thy inness bringing

Thy of sins forgiven;

Thy oost its shadows,

Thy the light within;

Thy shed Thy radiance

Thy orld of sin.

Thy ever onward,

Thy ing o'er the road

Worn by saints before us,

Journeying on to God;

Leaving all behind us,

May we hasten on,

Backward never looking

Till the prize is won.

6 Higher then, and higher,

Bear the ransomed soul,

Earthly toils forgotten,

Saviour, to its goal;

Where, in joys unthought of,

Saints with angels sing,

Never weary, raising

Praises to their King.

GODFREY THRING.

64.64.664.

420 "My soul followeth hard after
 Thee."—Ps. lxxiii. 8.

1 N E A R E R, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

Nearer to Thee!

3 Then let the way appear,

Steps unto heaven;

All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts

Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethels I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

Nearer to Thee!

5 And when on joyful wing

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

Nearer to Thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

1111.1111.

421 "I would to God that thou wert such as I am."—Acts xxvi. 29.

1 I HAVE a Saviour; He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And, oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity—blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But, oh, may He lead you to go with me too!

For you, &c.

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Oh say shall I see you receiving one too?

For you, &c.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew; [giver,
My Saviour alone is its author and
And, oh, could I know it was given to you!

For you, &c.

5 When you have found Jesus, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

For you, &c.

64.64.

422 "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. iv. 8.

1 A CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.

2 O may I faithful prove,
Keep it in view,

And through the storm
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide
My steps attend:
O keep me near Thy side
Be Thou my friend!
4 Be Thou my shield;
My guide and guard
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

87.87.87.87.

423 "Hitherto hath the Lord
—1 Sam. vii.

1 COME, Thou Fount of life,
Tune my heart to Thy praise;
Streams of mercy, never failing,
Call for songs of loud praise.
Teach me some celestial strain
Sung by ransomed hosts;
Oh, the vast, the boundless love
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I came;
And I hope by Thy goodness
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when I was lost,
Wandering from the fold;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained;
Let that grace, Lord, like a sunbeam,
Bind my wandering heart;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel here,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Take my heart, O take it,
Seal it from Thy court above!

ROBERT
L.M.

424 "The fire shall ever burn
—Lev. vi. 13.

1 O THOU who camest
The pure celestial
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of prayer.

2 There let it for Thy glory
With inextinguishable flame
And trembling, to its source
In humble prayer and praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart
To work and speak and praise;
Still let me guard the flame
And still stir up Thy love.

all Thy perfect will,
of faith and love repeat,
Thine endless mercies seal,
to the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ITS DUTIES.

87.87.

st earnestly the best gifts."

—1 Cor. xii. 31.

real, life is earnest,
he grave is not its goal;
art, to dust returnest,
spoken of the soul.

nent, and not sorrow,
stined end or way:

that each to-morrow
farther than to-day.

, and time is fleeting,
hearts, though stout and

ruffled drums are beating
marches to the grave.

od men all remind us
nake our lives sublime;
ting, leave behind us
ts on the sands of time:

that perhaps another,
er life's solemn main,
nd shipwrecked brother,
hall take heart again.

n, be up and doing,
onward course abate;
ring, still pursuing,
labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

L.M.

"My sake."—Matt. v. 11.

out little children weak,
born in any high estate;
we do for Jesu's sake,
high and good and great?

day, each Christian child
to do, without, within;
die for Jesu's sake,
ar to wage with sin.

within our swelling hearts
ths of pride and anger rise,
r words are on our tongues,
of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesu's sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesu's sake.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

S.M.

427 *"Thou desirest truth in the inward
parts."*—Ps. li. 6.

1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day:
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief.

HORATIUS BONAR.

87.87.

428 *"What doth the Lord require of thee
but to do justly?"*—Micah vi. 8.

1 **C**OURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Though the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right,"

3 Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Some will hate thee, some will love
thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

5 Trust no forms of guilty passion,
 Friends can look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

6 Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward light,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 NORMAN MACLEOD.

C.M.

429 "The Lord blessed his household."—
 2 Sam. vi. 11.

1 **H**APPY the home when God is there,
 And love fills every breast;
 Where one their wish, and one their
 prayer,
 And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
 Is sweet to every ear;
 Where children early hsp His fame,
 And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is
 heard,
 And praise is wont to rise;
 Where parents love the holy word,
 And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
 This blessed peace to gain;
 Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
 And love to all will reign.

MRS. W.—

77.77.77.

430 "Every idle word that men shall
 speak, they shall give account
 thereof in the day of judgment."
 —Matt. xii. 36.

1 **W**ORDS are things of little cost,
 Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
 We forget them, but they stand
 Witnesses at God's right hand:
 And their testimony bear
 For us, or against us, there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been
 Idle words, and words of sin;
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
 Or deceit our faults to hide;
 Envious tales, or strife unkind,
 Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
 Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
 May our lips, from sin set free,
 Love to speak and sing of Thee;

Till in heaven we learn to raise
 Hymns of everlasting praise.

J. G. FLEE.

64.64.6664.64.

431 "Neither can they die any more."
 Luke xx. 36.

1 **K**IND words can never die,
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Ay, in all years and climes
 Distant and near.

Kind words can never die,
 No, never die.

2 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours.
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue
 They bloom again.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, never die.

3 Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 We may all have to lie,
 Wrapped in its gloom.
 What though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live through eternal day
 With Christ above.

Our souls can never die,

No, never die.

A. HUTCHINSON.

C.M.

432 "Who, when He was reviled, re-
 viled not again."—1 Peter ii. 23.

1 **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
 shone

Around Thy steps below!
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe!

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
 A weight of sorrow hung;
 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

hearts to love like Thee,
O Lord, to grieve
Others' sins, than all
That we receive.
Myself, may every eye,
Brethren, see
Grace and grace which spring
In, Lord, with Thee.

SIR E. DENNY.

S.M.
*hast thou that thou didst
give?"—1 Cor. iv. 7.*

Thou but Thine own,
T'ere the gift may be;
I have is Thine alone,
Lord, from Thee.
My bounties thus
I true receive,
As Thou bleakest us,
Or first-fruits give.
I am bruised and dead,
I am bare and cold;
From whom the Shepherd bled
I from the fold.

And to bless,
Alm for woe,
One and fatherless
Work below.
I to release,
I lost to bring,
Way of life and peace,
St-like thing.
I give Thy word,
In our faith may be;
Thine, we do, O Lord,
To Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

C.M.D.
"the good fight of faith."—
Tim. vi. 12.

God goes forth to war,
Crown to gain;
Banner streams afar;
I in His train?
I drink His cup of woe,
I over pain,
I bears his cross below,—
I in His train.

First, whose eagle eye
Is beyond the grave,
Master in the sky,
On Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,

And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to
Who follows in their train? [feel;

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER.

65.65.

435 "By little and little"—Exod.
xxiii. 30.

1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beautiful land.

2 And the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Into sin to stray.

4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

EBENEZER C. BREWER.

87.87.87.

436 "God is not unrighteous to forget
your labour of love."—Heb. vi. 10.

1 LET us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

- Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.
- 2 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the
violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sun-
shine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
Then scatter seeds, &c.
- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter seeds, &c.
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses,
For our reaping by-and-by.
Then scatter seeds, &c.

MARY RILEY SMITH.

1010.1010.

437 "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."
—Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 SOUL of the Christian, be happy in
God,
Follow the path that the Master has
trod,
Leading you up to the hills of the blest,
Hills where the weary may tarry and
rest.
Hills of the blest, on the shores far
away,
Toward you we press in the din and
the fray;
Hills of the glorified, hills of the
blest,
Where all the weary may tarry and
rest.

- 2 Soul of the Christian, be ear-
true,
God has a mission, a life-work,
Kind words to utter, and good
to do,
Souls from their error and
to woo.
Hills of the ble
- 3 Soul of the Christian, be at
the faith,
Ready to dare, if need be, to
Stand by your colours and bat
sin,
Fight like a hero, and victory
Hills of the ble
- 4 Soul of the Christian, be stea
God,
Trust you His hand, thought it
the rod;
He loveth those whom He ch
sore,
Soul of the Christian, oh, fi
more.
Hills of the bl

C.M.

438 "I am not worthy of the le
Thy mercies."—Gen. xx:

- 1 WHEN'E'R I take my walk
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my Go
For all His gifts to me?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve
Yet God hath given me mor
For I have food, while others
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 While some poor children se
tell
Where they may lay their h
I have a home, wherein to dw
And rest upon my bed.
- 4 While others early learn to sw
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name
And do Thy holy will.
- 5 Are these Thy favours, day by
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more th
And try to serve Thee best.

ISAACS

ITS CLOSE.

77.77.

19 "We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9.

AS the wing'd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Starts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Car us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
If below is but a dream.

Hanks for mercies past received;
Ardor of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

Give Thy grace to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

87.87.

0 "The Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. lviii. 11.

CHILDHOOD'S years are passing
O'er us,

Youthful days will soon be gone;
Tears and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

May He who, meek and lowly,
Fro'd Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

ark, it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me;"
Hear, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

On we part; it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
To meet in heaven for ever,
Oh the crown of life to gain!

WILLIAM DICKSON.

S.M.D.

1 "We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons wane,
We shall be with those at rest
Till Christ shall come again:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where God Himself,
Lights all the glorious clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this stern rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR.

76.76.76.

442 "My days are swifter than a post;
they flee away."—Job ix. 25.

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace;
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning;
As hastes the sun away;
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us,—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us—
God takes the life He gave.

- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

77.77.

443 "So teach us to number our days."
—Ps. xc. 12.

- 1 SWIFT the moments fly away,
First the hour and then the day,
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away and disappear.
2 Time is ever on the wing,
While I speak, or think, or sing;
Whether working, or at play,
Time is rolling fast away.
3 Think, my soul, awake and see
What will soon become of thee;
Whither tending canst thou tell,
Up to heaven, or down to hell?
4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in Thy way
Every gift and grace bestow,
Wean my heart from things below.

911.1011.

444 "Pilgrims on the earth."—
Heb. xi. 13.

- 1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but
night;
Do not detain me, for I'm going
To where the fountains are
flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
2 There the glory is ever shining
O my longing heart, my longing heart
is there;
Here sinners wander, forlorn
weary,
And in this country 'tis often done
I'm a pilgrim.
3 In the city to which I journey
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is
light;
There is no sorrow, nor any
dying,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim
MARY S. DAY

Death.

445 76.76.7776
"The time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will cease,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon will be
Inclosed in Death's cold arms.
2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty from above,
Far above the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

JOHN BURTON.

446 76.76.76.76.
"Thine eyes shall see the King
His beauty: they shall behold
land that is very far of
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark, hath been the midnigh
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
2 The King there, in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen,
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay betwixt
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,

y dwelleth
 's land.
 the fountain,
 et well of love;
 earth I've tasted,
 I drink above:
 an fulness,
 th expand,
 y dwelleth
 's land.
 d with judgment,
 ne He wove,
 ws of sorrow
 with His love:
 nd that guided,
 heart that planned,
 where glory dwelleth,
 's land.
 not her garments,
 Bridegroom's face;
 he glory,
 ing of Grace;
 n He giveth,
 ierced hand;
 the glory
 's land.

ANNE R. COUSIN.

I.M.D.
ever be with the Lord."
 mess. iv. 17.
 with the Lord!"
 so let it be:
 ead is in that word,
 lity.
 ody pent,
 Him I roam,
 ch my moving tent
 n nearer home.
 house on high,
 soul, how near,
 th's foreseeing eye
 ates appear!
 spirit faints
 and I love,
 eritance of saints;
 ove.
 ith the Lord!"
 Thy will,
 that faithful word,
 me fulfil.
 y right hand,
 ever fail;
 e, and I shall stand,
 must prevail.

- 4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"
 5 The trump of final doom
 Will speak the self-same word,
 And heaven's voice thunder through
 the tomb,
 "For ever with the Lord."
 The tomb shall echo deep;
 That death-awakening sound;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
 And answer from the ground.
 6 Then upward, as they fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 "For ever with the Lord!"
 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
 Amen; so let it be.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

103.103.1010 10103.

448 "Some are fallen asleep."—
 1 Cor. xv. 6.

- 1 **THEY** are gathering homewards from
 every land,
 One by one;
 As their weary feet touch the shining
 strand.
 One by one,
 Their brows are enclosed in a golden-
 crown,
 Their travel-stained garments are all
 laid down,
 And clothed in white raiment they rest
 in the mead
 Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to
 lead,
 One by one.
 2 Before they rest they pass through the
 strife,
 One by one,
 Through the waters of death they enter
 life,
 One by one
 To some are the floods of the river still,
 As they ford on their way to the
 heavenly hill

To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

- 3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one,
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet
may hold;

Thou, who didst pass through in deep
midnight,
Strengthen us, send us the staff, and the
light,
One by one.

- 4 Plant Thy feet beside us as we tread,
One by one,
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.

Let but Thy strong arm around us be
twined,

We shall cast our cares and fears to
the wind.

Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in
view,

Smilingly, gladly, shall we pass
through,

One by one.

MARY LESLIE.

46.46.46.46.

- 449 "Some are fallen asleep."—
1 Cor. xv. 6.

- 1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

- 2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

- 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,

They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. DAYMAN.

O.M.

- 450 "He cometh forth as a flower, and
is cut down."—Job xiv. 2.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched
away

By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I, too, must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb,
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

- 5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

ANNE STEELE.

L.M.

- 451 "Whose glorious beauty is a fading
flower."—Isa. xxviii. 1.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their
sweets,

And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
Th' fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN.

65.65.

452 "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—
Acts vii. 59.

- 1 SAVIOUR, now receive him
To Thy bosom mild;
For with Thee we leave him,
Blessèd, blessèd child.
- 2 Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way;
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay;
- 3 Now let faith behold him
In his heavenly rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To the Saviour's breast.
- 4 Yield we what was given
At Thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all!
- 5 Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look we now to God;
There our spirit turning
Kneel beside the sod.

FELICIA HEMANS.

453 "Which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

- 1 HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around His glorious throne
Clad in His spotless righteousness.
- 2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.
- 3 There, to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their
songs,
Hosannas to the immortal King,
To whom eternal praise belongs.
- 4 O gracious Saviour, there may we
Be brought with them in bliss to join,
The fulness of Thy love to see,
And sing Thy mercies all divine.

JOHN CANNICK (alt.).

C.M.

454 "I would comfort myself against
sorrow."—Jer. viii. 18.

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

T. HASTINGS.

C.M.

455 "Prepare to meet thy God."—
Amos iv. 12.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and born
A scholar from our side; [awa;
Just in the morning of her [his] day,
As young as we, she [he] died.
- 2 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.
- 3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath Thy chastening rod;
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 4 May each attend with willing feet
The means of knowledge here,
And wait around Thy mercy-seat
With hope as well as fear.
- 5 All needful strength is Thine to give
To Thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
Or make us fit to die.
- 6 Lord, to Thy wisdom and Thy care
May we resign our days,
Content to live and serve Thee here,
Or die, and sing Thy praise.

ANN TAYLOR.

78.78.77.

456 "Thine eyes shall not see evil."—
2 Kings xxii. 20.

- TENDER Shepherd, 'thou hast still
Now Thy little lamb's best mes-
sing;

- Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave
it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;

- Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Lost awhile our treasured love,
Gained for ever, safe above.
I. W. MEINHOLD.

Life Hereafter.

- C.M.
- 457 "That great city, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 10.
- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

F. B. P. (16th Cent.).
76.76.76.

- 458 "The city was pure gold."—
Rev. xxi. 18.
- JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blessed;

- Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
The home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that have no thorn;
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.
- 2 Jerusalem, the only,
That look'st from heaven below;
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
I strive to win that glory;
I toil to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope is lost in sight.
- 3 Jerusalem! exulting,
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O happy, holy city,
The portion of the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet balm of all distressed.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;

they that know and see Him
I have Him for their own.
et and blessed country,
n shall I see Thy face?
et and blessed country,
n shall I win thy grace?
O dust and ashes!
Lord shall be Thy part;
ly, His for ever,
i shall be, and thou art.

BERNARD, *tr.* by NEALE.

64.64.

"by any means I might attain."

—Phil. iii. 11.

ARD, with staff in hand,
aviour, I come;
thou'rt a stranger land,
ven is my home.

d the path appears
let here I roam;
is steeped in tears,
will I come.

soon will all be shed,
I shall rest;
ed, my weary head.
n Thy breast.

when I've run my race,
en life is o'er,
shall I see Thy face,
ess and pure.

his poor fainting dust,
ed from the tomb,
ghout eternity
ous shall bloom.

rd, with staff in hand,
iour, I come;
en, thou'rt my resting-place,
ven, thou'rt my home.

MRS. JAMES GARRETT.

C.M. (8 lines.)

*"They that keep the commandments
of God."*—Rev. xiv. 12.

PPY land, O happy land,
here saints and angels dwell;
g to join that glorious band,
all their anthems swell.
ry voice in yonder throng
rth has breathed a prayer;
untaught may join that song,
rn the music there.

nts in light, the saints in light,
joy to them is given!

Their robes are pure, their crowns are
bright,

Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes were cleansed from every
stain

In bleeding, dying love;
On earth they served, so now they reign
As kings and priests above.

3. Thou heavenly Friend, Thou heavenly
Friend,

O hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.

Be all our fresh, our youthful days
To Thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

MRS. E. PARSON.

64.64.6764.

461 *"The land that is very far off."*—
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.

1111.1111.1111.

462 *"This is not your rest."*—
Micah ii. 10.

1 WHEN I gaze on the light of yon
beautiful sky,
And the curtains of azure unfolded on
high;

Their glory and splendour recall to my thought
The blissful inheritance Jesus hath bought:—

I fancy the portals of heaven appear,
And I feel at the moment—My home is not here.

2 When I see all around me the flowers so bright,

Which God has implanted to ravish my sight;

I hail them as pledges of heavenly love,
And think of the brighter ones blooming above;—

Their fragrance reminds me of hopes that are dear,

And I love to remember—My home is not here.

3 When I hear the glad song of the lark as she flies,

Still warbling her notes as she mounts to the skies;

I think of the time when my heavenward flight

Will, like hers, be directed to regions of light;

I shall sing, as I leave every trouble and fear,—

My home is in heaven—My home is not here!

4 O land of enjoyment! O home of my heart!

What blessed delight can thy image impart!

In the midst of affliction, of sorrow, and grief,

The thought of thy glory brings instant relief,

And quickly the darkening clouds disappear,

As the feeling steals o'er me—My home is not here.

76.76.76.76.6.

463 "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

1 **T**HOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;

A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.

O let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain,

*We shall soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain.*

There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,

In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.

He never will grow weary,
Though often we request,

He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.

There is sweet rest in *hee*

3 All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;

All glory be to Jesus,

Who bought us with His blood
And glory to the Spirit,

Who keeps us to the end;
To the Triune God be glory,

The sinner's only Friend.
There is sweet rest in *hee*

77.77.77.77.

464 "Of all nations, and kindred people, and tongues."—Rev. vi

1 **L**ITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest

In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:

There to welcome—Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers w

Lift your heads, ye golden gates
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Facing life's dark journey throug

Now have reached that heavenly
They have ever kept in view?

I, from Greenland's frozen land;

I, from India's sultry plain;

I, from Afric's barren sand;

I, from islands of the main.

3 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,

Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky;

Each the welcome "Come" awa
Conquerors over death and sin:

Lift your heads, ye golden gates
Let the little travellers in.

JAMES EDMES:

C.M.

465 "Let me see the land be,
Jordan."—Deut. iii. 25.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delig
Where saints immortal reig

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

C.M.

466 "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."—Rev. vii. 15.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in
heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,—
Singing, glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world
above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there?—
Singing, glory, glory, glory.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,—
Singing, glory, glory, glory.
- 5 On earth they sought their Saviour's
grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,—
Singing, glory, glory, glory.

MRS. SHEPHERD.

467 1111.1111. (with refrain).
"My Father's house."—John xiv. 2

- 1 BRIGHT home of our Saviour, what
glories await
The spirits that pass through thy
bright pearly gate!
What anthems of rapture, unceasing
and high,
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens
the sky!
Home, home, sweet home.
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder
blest home.
- 2 The home of the ransomed, the land of
the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious
rest:
Shall wander in gladness the pastures
of green, [serene.
And drink the still waters of pleasures
Home, home, &c.

- 3 The home that our Saviour has gone to
prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessed-
ness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the
just,
When, pure in His likeness, they rise
from the dust.
Home, home, &c.
- 4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st
us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to
prepare;
We trust to Thy mercy, that, washed
from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may
all enter in.

Home, home, &c.

64.64.6664.

468 "But now they desire a better
country, that is a heavenly."—
Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert dear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage!
Heaven is my home
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.

And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There, at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

89.99.68.

469 "Oh, that I had wings like a dove."
—Ps. lv. 6.

1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod—
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.
4 I shall soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I shall soon be at home over there.

P. W. C. HUNTINGDON.

88.88.88.

470 "Zion the perfection of beauty."
—Ps. l. 2.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple, God its light:
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps through all the choir:
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King;
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace:
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me

GEORGE GILL.

75.75.77.

471 "The heavenly Jerusalem."
—Heb. xii. 22.

1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;

Yonder there's a happier place,
Where His people see His face.

- 5 Who shall go to that fair land?—
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

88.88.

472 "*It doth not yet appear what we shall be.*"—1 John iii. 2.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there!

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—
But what must it be to be there!

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

- 4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;—
But what must it be to be there!

- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

1110.1110.911

473 "*The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*"—Rom. xiii. 12.

HARK! hark, my soul, angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come:"

And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us
home.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

- 4 Rest comes at length; though life be
long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome
night be past;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

- 5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches
keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

1010.1010.

474 "*I go to prepare a place for you.*"—
John xiv. 2.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we
move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above;

Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says,
"Come!

Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home."

- 2 Soon will our pilgrimage end here
below,

Soon to the presence of God we shall

Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,

Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

3 Teachers and kindred have passed on
before,

Waiting, they watch us approaching
the shore,

Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

4 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the
ear;

Harp of the blessed, your strains we
shall hear,

Filling with harmony heaven's high
dome;

Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

5 Death with his arrow may soon lay us
low,

Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the
blow;

Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre
be gone:

Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
roam,

Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

88.88.88.

475 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
—Matt. xix. 14.

1 YES, there are little ones in heaven;
Children like us, around the throne;
To whom the King of kings has given
Eternal glory like His own:
Jesus! Thy mercy rich and free
Has suffered them to come to Thee.

2 O let us think of them to-day—
Their sweet and everlasting song;
We hope to sing as loud as they
In the same glorious heaven ere long:
Jesus! may this our portion be—
O suffer us to come to Thee!

3 To come with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek Thy precious cross, and find
Peace, safety, joy, salvation there.
O set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to Thee!

4 To come while we are young and gay,
While life, and joy, and hope run high,

To come in sorrow's gloomiest day,
To come at last, when death is nigh.
Lord, in that day our guardian be,
And suffer us to come to Thee.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

776.87.

476 "Let the saints be joyful in glory."
Psa. cxlix. 8.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

O! that, &c.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.

O! that, &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
Pastors, parents whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

O! that, &c.

5 O! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.

O! that, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

O! that, &c.

THOMAS BILBY.

1111.1111.1111.

477 "In My Father's house are many
mansions."—John xiv. 2.

1 HOW bright are the mansions pre-
pared by the Lord
For those who obey Him and trust in
His word!

No longer on earth—He is hid from our
sight,

In the house of His Father, that dwell-
ing of light;

He there has provided a glorious abode.
And made it the home of the children
of God.

2 This earth, we are told, cannot long
our rest,
Our places by others must soon be
sessed;

fore has Jesus those mansions
red
to believe what His word has
ed—

l the strait path which His
have trod,
the bright home of the chil-
f God.

shall be there, no disease, no
; [away ;
rom all faces will God wipe
shall depart, and no enemy
[home.

the peaceful enjoyment of
for a season must be our

n is the home of the children
l.

6.85. (with Coda.)
*Thy shall be Mine, saith the Lord
sts, in that day when I make
My jewels.*"—Mal. iii. 17.

He cometh, when He cometh
take up His jewels,
els, precious jewels,
d and His own.

, the stars of the morning,
bright crown adorning,
y shall shine in their beauty,
ht gems for His crown.

ther, He will gather
us for His kingdom ;
re ones, all the bright ones,
d and His own.

Like the stars, &c.

dren, little children,
e their Redeemer,
wels, precious jewels,
d and His own.

Like the stars, &c.

W. O. CUSHING.

76.76.76.76.
Thy are as the angels of God."—
Mark xii. 25.

LD be like an angel,
with the angels stand,
upon my forehead,
o within my hand ;
re, before my Saviour,
ious and so bright,
the sweetest music,
see Him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
None ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear ;
But blessed, meek, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand angels,
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have come to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
At once lay me down to die,
O send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky.

S. P. GILL.

87.87.77.

480 "Who are these arrayed in white
robes?"—Rev. vii. 13.

1 WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who
stand ?

Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia, hark ! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand ?
Whence came all this glorious band ?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling until life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.
H. T. SCHENCK, tr by F. E. C.

To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one.

We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the spot where our feet may hold;

Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,

Strengthen us, send us the staff, and the light,

One by one.

4 Plant Thy feet beside us as we tread,
One by one,

On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.

Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined;

We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind.

Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,

Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,

One by one.

MARY LESLIE.

46.46.46.46.

449 "Some are fallen asleep."—
1 Cor. xv. 6.

1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,

They shall return,
Christ, when Thou art
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now w
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E.

C.M.

450 "He cometh forth as
is cut down."—Job

1 WHEN blooming you
away

By death's resistless h
Our hearts the mournfu
Which pity must dem

2 While pity prompts the
O may this truth, im
With awful power, "I, to
Sink deep in every bre

3 Let this vain world delu
Behold the gaping tou
It bids us seize the prese
To-morrow death may

4 The voice of this alarm
May every heart obey
Nor be the heavenly wa
Which calls to watch

5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly
Whose powerful arm c
Then shall our hopes as
And triumph o'er the

A

L.M.

451 "Whose glorious bea
flower."—Isa. xx

1 THE morning flowers
sweets,

And gay their silken lea
As careless of the noon
As fearless of the eveni

2 Nipt by the wind's unki
Parched by the sun's di
The momentary glories
The short-lived beauties

3 So blooms the human fa
When youth its pride of
Fairer than spring the c
And sweeter than the v

4 Or worn by slowly rolli
Or broke by sickness in:
Th: fading glory disapp
The short-lived beauties

- Y yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN.
65.65.

452 "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—
Acts vii. 59.

- 1 SAVIOUR, now receive him
To Thy bosom mild;
For with Thee we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child.
- 2 Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way;
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay;
- 3 Now let faith behold him
In his heavenly rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To the Saviour's breast.
- 4 Yield we what was given
At Thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all!
- 5 Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look we now to God;
There our spirit turning
Kneel beside the sod.

FELICIA HEMANS.

453 "Which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

- 1 HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around His glorious throne
Clad in His spotless righteousness.
- 2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.
- 3 There, to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their
songs,
Hosannas to the immortal King,
To whom eternal praise belongs.
- 4 O gracious Saviour, there may we
Be brought with them in bliss to join,
The fulness of Thy love to see,
And sing Thy mercies all divine.

JOHN CANNICK (alt.).

C.M.

454 "I would comfort myself against
sorrow."—Jer. viii. 18.

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

T. HASTINGS.

C.M.

455 "Prepare to meet thy God."—
Amos iv. 12.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne
A scholar from our side; [away
Just in the morning of her [his] day,
As young as we, she [he] died.
- 2 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.
- 3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath Thy chastening rod;
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 4 May each attend with willing feet
The means of knowledge here,
And wait around Thy mercy-seat
With hope as well as fear.
- 5 All needful strength is Thine to give;
To Thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
Or make us fit to die.
- 6 Lord, to Thy wisdom and Thy care
May we resign our days,
Content to live and serve Thee here,
Or die, and sing Thy praise.

ANN TAYLOR.

78.78.77.

456 "Thine eyes shall not see evil."—
2 Kings xxii. 20.

- 1 TENDER Shepherd, 'thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weav-
ing;

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river:
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mir'or of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

ROBERT LOWRY.

86.86.66.66.

487 "The Paradise of God."—
Rev. ii. 7.

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that love are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see

The special place my dear
In love prepares for me:
Where loyal hearts are
6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that hap
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts are
FREDERIC WILLIA

65.65.65.65.

488 "The Lord God giveth
—Rev. xxii. 5.

1 O HEAVEN, sweet heav
The home of the l
Where hearts, once in
Are ever at rest;
Where eyes that could
Re-joice in the light,
And beggars, made pri
Are walking in whit

2 O heaven, sweet heav
Where purity reigns
Where error disturbs r
And sin never stain
Where holiness robes i
Is garments so fair
The great multitude
That is worshipping

3 O heaven, sweet heav
Whose music ne'er c
But rich, pealing anth
Of glory arise;
Whose saints with on
Of rapture are stirr
And loud hallelujahs
For ever are heard.

4 O heaven, sweet heav
Where friends neve
But cords of true frien
Bind firmly the hea
Where farewell shall
More fall on the ear
Nor eyes that have so
Be dimmed with a

5 O heaven, sweet heav
The mansion of lov
Where Christ in His
Shines forth from a
The Lamb, with His
To charm and conti
And love is the sea
That encircles the

EDW

7.77.77.
that is very far off."—
 xxxiii. 17.
 Scenes on earth appear,
 Sight and memory dear,
 Lays, rivers, streams,
 Ght with sunny beams;
 Wild by far
 Farthest star.
 Homes are found—
 —on British ground;
 Land we love,
 D by God above;
 Y homes by far
 Farthest star.
 Abba, sir,
 Place of prayer;
 Temple praise
 Us all our days;
 Better far
 Farthest star.
 As fill this place,
 He Saviour's face,
 His word,—
 Saith the Lord;
 It vision far
 Farthest star.
 With fervent zeal
 He Saviour's will,
 With ardent love,
 He choir above;
 Let be by far
 The farthest star.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

117.117.
overcometh shall inherit
 it."—Rev. xxi. 7.
 Father above in that
 And,
 O smiles on me;
 Song with the ransomed
 Who smiles on me.
 Our above in that happy
 Who died for me;
 Unto my deliverer from
 Who died for me.
 Above in that happy land,
 Is tuned for me; (God,
 I and my Saviour and
 "p that is tuned for me.

4 There's a song above in that happy land,
 A song that is set for me;
 And I soon shall join in the strains
 divine
 Of the song that is set for me.

ALBERT MIDLAND

1010.1010.

491 "There remaineth a rest to the
 people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

1 O H, what the joy and the glory must
 be,
 Those endless Sabbaths the blessed
 ones see;
 Crown for the valiant, to weary ones
 rest;

God shall be All and in all ever blest.
 2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and
 His Throne?
 What are the peace and the joy that
 they own?
 Oh that the blest ones, who in it have
 share,
 All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
 Vision of peace that brings joy ever-
 more;
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be
 ne'er,
 Nor the thing prayed for come short
 of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction
 can bring,
 We the sweet anthems of Zion shall
 sing,
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices
 of praise
 Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath
 is o'er,
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one ever-
 more;
 One and unending is that triumph-
 song
 Which to the angels and us shall be-
 long.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts
 raised on high,
 We for that country must yearn and
 must sigh;
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
 Through our long exile on Babylon's
 strand.

- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom,
the Son,
Through Whom, the Spirit, with them
ever One.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

76.76.

492 "Neither sorrow, nor crying."—
Rev. xxi. 4.

- 1 OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
- 2 Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!
- 3 Oh for the bliss of dying
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!
- 4 Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!
- 5 Jesus, Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
- 6 Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

C. LEES SMITH.

84.84.8884.

493 "Worthy is the Lamb that
slain."—Rev. v. 12.

- 1 'TIS the Church triumphant singing
Worthy the Lamb,
Heaven throughout with praises
ing.

Worthy the Lamb;
Thrones and powers before Him b
Odours sweet with voice ascend;
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation
Worthy the Lamb;
Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb;

Loud as mighty thunder roaring,
Floods of mighty water pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb;

By His blood He dearly bought u
Wandering from the fold He sought
And to glory safely brought us,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb;

Sweetest notes, all notes excellir
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling
Worthy the Lamb.

JOHN KI

Christian Work.

56.56.56.56.

494 "The Lord . . . cometh and
recometh."—Matt. xxv. 19.

- 1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

- 2 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flower
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure

- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven.

Have I done the task
Which to me was given.
God intrusts to all
Talents few or many ;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

JAMES EDMETON.

77.887.

495 "Eli perceived the Lord had called the child,"—1 Sam. iii. 8.

1 O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven ?

The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery ;
Such grace to mine be given.

2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven ?

The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say :
Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven ?

The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy Book ;
Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven ?

Our hearts, if God His spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend :
Such grace to mine be given.

5 Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven ;

When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight :
Such grace to mine be given.

496 87.87.87.87.

"Here am I ; send me."—Isa. vi. 8.

1 HARK ! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day ?

Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ?"

Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,

"Here am I, send me, send me ?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,

And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He welcomes all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

J. A. TODD.

76.76.76.76.

497 "Whose heart Thou knowest,"—
1 Kings viii. 39.

1 THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth ;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health ;
We, too, would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King :

We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring ?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

77.77.

498 "Two mites."—Mark xii. 42.

1 LITTLE rain-drops feed the rill ;
Rills to meet the brooklets glide ;
Brooks the broader rivers fill,
Rivers swell the ocean tide.

2 So the little gathered here,
Mites from childhood's willing hand.
Go some aching heart to cheer,
In a dark and distant land.

- 3 Wilt Thou, Lord, this offering use,
And Thy blessing on it pour?
And Thy glorious word diffuse,
E'en to earth's remotest shore?

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

87.87.47.

499 "The children gather wood."—
Jer. vii. 18.

- 1 IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garner too.
2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray,
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.
3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth;
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee,
Hallelujah!
Singing all eternity.

1111.1111.1111.1111.

500 "Go work to-day in My vineyard."
—Matt. xxi. 28.

- 1 "GO work in My vineyard!" there's
plenty to do;
The harvest is great, and the labourers
are few;
There's weeding, and fencing, and
clearing of roots,
And ploughing, and sowing, and ga-
thering the fruits.
There are foxes to take, there are wolves
to destroy,
All ages and ranks I can fully employ:
I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to
be fed;
The lost must be gathered, the weary
ones led.
*Go work in My vineyard; there's
plenty to do;
The harvest is great, and the labourers
are few.*

- 2 "Go work in My vineyard!
these as Mine;
With blood I have bought
that is thine—
Thy time and thy talents, thy
powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy
hours:
I willingly yielded My
thee,
The song of archangels—the
tree;
In pain and temptation, in a
shame,
I paid thy full ransom: Mine
I claim.

Go work,

- 3 "Go work in My vineyard!
while 'tis day!
The bright hours of su-
hastening away,
And night's gloomy sh-
gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor
be past.
Begin in the morning and
day;
Thy strength I'll supply
wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed,
few
Who finish the work I have
to do.

Go work

76.76.96.

501 "The night cometh when
work."—John ix.

- 1 WORK, for the night is
Pray, for the day's a-
Watch, for the Master call-
Strive, 'tis your God's co-
Now is the time to labour,
Then is the judgment ho-
Work for the soul's salvati-
In heaven's eternal bowe
2 Work for the souls around
Weep for the sins, your o-
Fight for the cross laid on
Wait for the victor's cro-
Watch while you work for
Pray while you wait for
Watching and waiting, al-
Fill every golden hour

or the night is coming,
every precious hour;
the day is dawning,
the Saviour's power.
When your labour's ended,
hail the glad day come;
the blessed Saviour's promise,
He shall call us home.

76.75.76.75.

show them the work that they must do.—Exod. xviii. 20.

For the night is coming!
Work, through the morning
hours;
hille the dew is sparkling,
'mid springing flowers:
When the day grows brighter,
in the glowing sun;
or the night is coming
man's work is done.

or the night is coming;
through the sunny noon;
hottest hours with labour,
comes sure and soon.

Every flying minute
hurry to keep in store;
or the night is coming,
man works no more.

or the night is coming,
the sunset skies;
their bright tints are glowing,
for daylight flies.
Till the last beam fades,
h, to shine no more;
hille the night is darkening,
man's work is o'er.

S. DYER.

410.10104.

*He that sleepeth in harvest
seth shame.*—Prov. x. 5.

ME, labour on:

Who dares stand idle on the
harvest plain,
around him waves the golden
n, [say,
any servant hears the Master
"Go, work to-day"?

Come, labour on:
workers are few, the field is wide,
tions must be filled, and blanks
filled;

*hence distant far, or near at
hand, he call is "Come."*

3 Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed
away;

While we in sleep our duty hath forgot
He slumbereth not.

4 Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless
fear! [here;
No arm so weak but may do service
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western
sky, [way lie,
While the long shadows o'er our path—
And a glad sound comes with the set-
ting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

6 Come, labour on:
The toll is pleasant and the harvest sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest
shall be,

O Lord with Thee!

JANE BORTHWICK.

504 87.87.87.87.
"Call the poor."—Luke xiv. 13.

1 "CALL them in!" the poor, the
wretched,

Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,—
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!" the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting;—"Call them in!"

2 "Call them in!" the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!" the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones;—"Call them in!"

3 "Call them in!" the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,—
"Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in!"

ANNA SKELTON

1110.1110.

505 "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love."—1 Thess. i. 3.

1 UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what I have done.

2 Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown?
No, for the sower may pass from his labour,
Only remembered by what he has done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown;
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the brighter crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.

1010.1010.

506 "His armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart."—1 Sam. xiv. 7.

1 ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching, if "Onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward!" the call;
See, see the faltering ones; backward they fall.

Surely my Captain may depend on me,

Though but an armour-bearer I may be,
2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield;

Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.

Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

85.85.

507 "That which ye have hold fast till I come"—Rev. ii. 25.

1 HO, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,

Victory is nigh!

"Hold the Fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!
Hold the Fort, &c.

3 See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!
Hold the Fort, &c.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near:
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
Hold the Fort, &c.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

76.76.76.76.

508 "Who will stand up for Me?"—Esa. xlii. 16.

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:

try unto victory
 ny shall He lead,
 foe is vanquished,
 rist is Lord indeed.
 I stand up for Jesus!
 impet-call obey;
 the mighty conflict,
 His glorious day:
 are men, now serve Him
 ; unnumbered foes;
 ge rise with danger,
 engh to strength oppose.
 I stand up for Jesus!
 n His strength alone;
 of flesh will fail you;
 ; not trust your own:
 ie gospel armour,
 atching unto prayer,
 ity calls, or danger,
 ar wanting there:
 I stand up for Jesus!
 ife will not be long;
 the noise of battle,
 at the victor's song:
 at overcometh,
 of life shall be;
 the King of Glory
 sign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

98.98.

ye the trumpet in Zion.
 —Joel ii. 1.
 for the trumpet is sounding!
 and to duty away!
 our Leader cries "Onward!"
 et us gladly obey.
 e while the foe is uncon-
 red,
 ying our armour down!
 e till the battle is ended.
 victory wins the crown!
 u the sword of the Spirit,
 met, and breastplate and
 i,
 the Highest your Captain,
 er or die on the field.
 o truce, &c.
 rd, O army of Zion,
 rts that are loyal and brave;
 by the Cross and its banner,
 igh is the Mighty to save!
 r truce, &c.

1011.117.

510 "Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

—Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 "WHOEVER hearth!" shout,
 shout the sound!
 Send the blessed tidings all the
 world around!
 Spread the joyful news wherever
 man is found.
 "Whoever will may come."
 "Whoever will! whoever
 will!"
 Send the proclamation over vale
 and hill;
 'Tis a loving Father calls the
 wanderer home.
 "Whoever will may come!"
- 2 Whoever cometh need not delay;
 Now the door is open; enter while ye
 may.
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
 "Whoever will may come."
 "Whoever will," &c.
- 3 "Whoever will," the promise is secure;
 "Whoever will," for ever shall
 endure; [more;
 "Whoever will," 'tis life for ever-
 "Whoever will may come."
 "Whoever will," &c.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

IRREGULAR.

511 "My voice is to the sons of men."—
 Prov. viii. 4.

- 1 IF I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world
 through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morn-
 ing light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true;
 I would fly, I would fly over land and
 sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the
 wrong.
 I would fly, I would fly,
 I would fly over land and sea.
- 2 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of the air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak
 To save them from despair.

I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,

And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

I would fly, I would fly,

I would fly, o'er the crowded town,

3 If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;

And where'er I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,

Or hatred of their kind— [crash,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder

And into their blinded bosoms flash :
Then with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

I would fly, I would fly,

I would fly on the thunder crash.

4 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;

And wherever man to his idols bowed
I'd publish in notes, both long and loud,
The Gospel's joyful sound.

I would fly, I would fly on the wings
of day, [way,

Proclaiming peace on my world-wide
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice,

If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

I would fly, I would fly,

I would fly on the wings of day.

C.M.

512 "I have finished the work Thou
gavest me to do."—John xvii. 4.

1 **THOUGH** lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do ;

In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,

Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,

A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,

In God's clear sight high work we do.
If we but do our best.

5 *Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;*

*Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.*

WILLIAM GASKELL.

IRREGULAR.

513 "Why stand ye here all
idle?"—Matt. xx. 6.

1 "NOTHING to do" in this v
ours,

Where weeds spring up with
flowers,

Where smiles have only a fitful
Where hearts are breaking eve

"Nothing to do!"

2 "Nothing to do!" O thou Cl
soul,

Wrapping thee round in thy
stole ;

Off with the garments of sloth ;
Christ the Lord hath a kingdom

"Nothing to do!"

3 "Nothing to do!" there are I
to lay

On the altar of incense day by
There are foes to meet thee

and without :

There is error to conquer sub
stout.

"Nothing to do!"

4 "Nothing to do!" there are n
teach

The simplest forms of Christian
There are hearts to allure with

wile,

From haunts that sin and hate
"Nothing to do!"

5 "Nothing to do!" and thy I
said,

"Follow thou Me in the paths I
Lord, lend Thy help all the ;

through,

Lest fainting we cry, "Too n
do!"

"Too much to do!"

L.M.

514 "Thou hast wrought all on
in us."—Isa. xxvi. 12.

1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that
speak

In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me

Thy erring children, lost and I

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may I
The wandering and the wave

O feed me, Lord, that I ma
Thy hungering ones wi
sweet.

in me, that while I stand
Rock and strong in Thee,
Oh out a loving hand
S with the troubled sea.
O Lord, that I may teach
Is things Thou dost impart;
My words, that they may

depths of many a heart.
On own sweet rest to me,
Speak with soothing power
Reason, as from Thee,
Nes, in needful hour.
With Thy fulness, Lord,
Very heart o'erflow
G thought and glowing

Tell, Thy praise to show.
Lord, use even me
How wilt, and when, and

blessed face I see,
Thy joy, Thy glory share.
NCS RIDLEY HAVERGAL

C.M. (6 lines.)

*any man serve Me, him will
ther honour.*"—John xii. 26
I me not Thy service, Lord,
Rain me for Thy will;
In fields so broad,
Ties may fulfil;
Ask for no reward,
So serve Thee still.
I serve, how many more
The service come!
The vines, the grapes to store,
At appoint for some:
Thy young men at the war,
The ones at home.

are good, and each is best
It pleases Thee;
Ker pleases when the rest
Is in charity;
No man nor work unblest
On permit to be.
For all the work hath done
Of us to-day;
His service, every one
O His Sonship may;
Ild serve, and be a son:
Ie not, I pray.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

S.M.

516 "With the spirit and with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

- 1 LORD, help us as we hear,
To treasure up Thy word,
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.
- 2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To mean the words we use,
And not to mock the Heavenly King
And all His love abuse.
- 3 Lord, help us as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek Thy blessing here.
- 4 Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide,
Our food and raiment kindly give,
And all we need provide.
- 5 Lord, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
And with Thy holy ones on high,
To praise Thee evermore.

ANN TAYLOR.

C.M.D.

517 "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me: and where I am, there shall also My servant be."—John xii. 26.

- 1 HOW blessed from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand!
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.

How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.
SPITTA tr. H. L. LUTHER.

C.M.

518 "O send out Thy light and Thy
truth: let them lead me."—
Ps. xliii. 3.

- 1 LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.
- 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
- 4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

S.M.

519 "Blessed are ye that sow beside all
waters."—Isa. xxxii. 20.

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown.

Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

71.77.

520 "Their works are in the hand of
God."—Eccl. ix. 1.

- 1 LORD, we bring our work to Thee,
Bless it in Thine own good way;
Cleanse it from impurity,
Clothe it with Thy power, we pray.
- 2 Give us each fresh love to Thee,
Make Thy service our delight;
May our conscious feeling be,
Working in the Master's sight.
- 3 Strengthen all begun for Thee,
Carry on Thy work of grace,
Let us all Thy presence see,
Let Thy Spirit fill this place.
- 4 Help us in our work for Thee,
All our efforts kindly own;
Ours the happiness shall be,
Thine the glory, thine alone.

EDWIN HODDER.

L.M.

521 "Feed My lambs."—John xxi.

- 1 O LORD, with thoughtful hearts
meet
Once more beneath Thy mercy-sea
To offer Thee our humble prayer
For all the children of our care.
- 2 'Tis Thine, O Lord, alone to bless
Our feeble efforts with success;
And while we teach, oh grant th
May every one be taught of Thee
- 3 Oft as we speak of Jesus' love,
Send down Thy blessing from a
That all who thus their gifts en
And sow in tears, may reap in

74.74.74.74.
*guided them in the wilderness
 a flock.*—Ps. lxxviii. 52.
 G forth on life's rough way,
 guide them;
 ow not what of harm
 le them:
 shadow of Thy wing,
 ide them;
 eeping, Lord, we pray,
 them.

ayer they cry to Thee,
 t hear them;
 tains of sin and shame
 t clear them;
 icksands and the rocks,
 t steer them;
 ion, trial, grief,
 near them.
 we give them up,
 eive them;
 d we know must be
 grieve them—
 ing oft and strong
 e them:
 i Thy hands of love
 leave them.

W. CULLEN BRYANT.

MISSIONS.

L.M.
*ye into all the world, and
 urch the gospel to every crea-
 ure.*—Mark xvi. 15.
 avens declare Thy glory,
 i,
 ar Thy wisdom shines;
 our eyes behold Thy word,
 y name in fairer lines.
 ; sun, the changing light,
 s and days Thy power con-

set volume Thou hast writ
 y justice and Thy grace.
 , and stars convey Thy praise
 e whole earth, and never

hy truth began its race,
 and glanced on every land.
 Thy spreading gospel rest,
 gh the world Thy truth has

*has all the nations blest
 e light or feel the sun.*

- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly
 light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgment right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to
 heaven.

ISAAC WATTS.

L.M.

524 "*His name shall endure for ever.*"
 —Ps. lxxii. 17.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to
 shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no
 more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head:
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall
 rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song:
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King:
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

76.76.76.76.

525 "*He shall have dominion from sea
 to sea.*"—Ps. lxxii. 8.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And joy and hope, like fowers,
 Spring 'n His path to birth;

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

526 664.6664.
"Let there be light."—Gen. 1. 3.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray—
Let there be light.
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the only blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

- 3 Spirit of truth,
Life-giving, Holy,
Speed forth Thy
Move on the w
Bearing the lan
And in earth's
Let there be l
- 4 Holy and bless
Glorious Trinit
Wisdom ! Lo
Boundless as oc
Rolling in fulle
Through the ea
Let there be l

527 "How beaute
him that bri
Isa.

- 1 HOW beauteo
Who stand
Who bring salvat
And words of p
- 2 How charming
How sweet the
Zion, behold thy
He reigns and t
- 3 How happy are
That hear this
Which kings and
And sought but
- 4 How blessed are
That see this he
Prophets and kin
But died witho
- 5 The watchmen
And tuneful no
Jerusalem breaks
And deserts lea
- 6 The Lord makes
Through all the
Let every nation
Their Saviour a

528 76.76.
"They shall
and from :
north, and
Luke :

- 1 FROM Greenle
From Indi
Where Africa's
Roll down t

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign,

REGINALD HEBER.

87.87.47.

- 529 "The earth shall see the salvation
of God."—Isa. lli. 10.
- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching
Thine eternal love proclaim;
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,

- O'er the borders
Of the Great Immanuel's land.
5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

86.86.86.86.

- 530 "Their sound went into all the
earth."—Rom. x. 18.

- 1 OH joyous is the music
Of the missionary's song,
When it comes from every eager heart,
And sounds from every tongue;
When happy Christian little ones
All sing with one accord
Of the time when realms of darkness
Shall be kingdoms of the Lord.
- 2 But sweeter music far than all
Which Jesus loves to hear,
Are children's voices, when they breathe
A missionary prayer;
When they bring their heart's petition
To the great Redeemer's throne,
That He will choose the heathen out,
And take them for His own.

- 3 This is the music Jesus taught
When He was here below;
This is the music Jesus loves
To hear in glory now;
And many a one from distant lands
Will reach His heavenly home,
In answer to the children's prayer,
O Lord, Thy kingdom come.
- 4 Then, missionary children,
Let this music never cease;
Work on, work on in earnest,
For the Lord, the Prince of Peace;
There is praying work, and paying
For every heart and hand, [work,
Till the missionary chorus
Shall go forth through all the land.

77.77.

- 531 "The harvest truly is plenteous,
but the labourers are few."—
Matt. ix. 37.

- 1 SPREAD, oh spread, thou mighty
word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord;
Where'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove,
By His holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 5 Word of life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for Thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.
- 7 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
Let the nations far and near
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

J. F. BAHNMAYER.

76.76.76.76.

532 "He will lift up an ensign to the nations from far."—Isa. v. 26.

- 1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna,"
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though the embattled legions,
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace;
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.
- 3 Yea, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song, responsive, raise.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

S. M.

533 "All flesh shall see the salvation God."—Luke iii. 6.

- 1 SPREAD, spread the word of truth,
Diffuse it far and wide;
Let hoary age and blooming youth
Learn how the Saviour died.
- 2 Spread, spread the word of love;
Let all the nations know
That Christ descended from above
To save from hell below.
- 3 Spread, spread the word of light,
Swift as the sun's bright ray;
Scatter the shades of heathen night,
And bring the "latter day."
- 4 Spread, spread the word of peace,
Proclaim the joyful sound;
Let captive millions find release,
By sin and Satan bound.

87.87.

534 "Let them shout from the top of the mountains."—Isa. xlii. 11.

- 1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the gracious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd shall
claim aloud
"The glorious work is done."
- 2 Shout the tidings of salvation
To the east and to the west,
Till each distant heathen nation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Send the sound, &c.
- 3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, &c.
- 4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till in humble adoration
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, &c.

L. M.

535 "And He shall set up an ensign to the nations."—Isa. xl. 5.

- 1 UPLIFT the banner! Let it be
Skyward and seaward, wide;

at its shining folds,
 lo! the Saviour died.

1! Angels bend
 hence o'er the sign,
 to comprehend
 e love divine.

2! Heathen lands
 the glorious sight,
 seeing at the call,
 kindle in its light.

3! Let it float
 ward, high and wide;
 the cross,
 e Crucified.

4! Wide and high,
 ward let it shine;
 ght, no merit ours;
 in that sign.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

1.1313.1315.

*among the heathen that
 King.*—Ps. xcvi. 10.

among the heathen that
 s King!

t! Tell it out!
 the nations, let them

g!
 t! Tell it out!
 loration that He shall

King of Glory is the
 e;
 abilation, though the
 ar,
 on the water-floods,
 evermore.

t! Tell it out!
 the heathen that the
 s!

t! Tell it out!
 ng the nations, bid
 their chains!

t! Tell it out!
 ng the weeping ones
 es!

; the weary ones what
 ;

g the sinful that He
 ;

the dying that He
 the grave.
 Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus
 reigns above!

Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the nations that His
 reign is love!

Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the highways and
 the lanes at home;

Let it ring across the mountains and
 the ocean foam!

Like the sound of many waters let our
 glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands
 of the sea!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

76.76.76.76.

537 "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the
 harvest, that He will send forth
 labourers into His harvest."

—Matt. ix. 38.

1 LORD of the living harvest,
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain;
 Accept these hands to labour,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
 Send us out, Christ, to be
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee;
 We ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit!
 And fill our souls with light,
 Clothe us in spotless raiment,
 In linen clean and white;
 Within Thy sacred temple
 Be with us where we stand,
 And sanctify Thy people
 Throughout this happy land.

4 Be with us, God the Father!
 Be with us, God the Son!
 And God the Holy Spirit!
 O blessed Three in One!
 Make us a Royal Priesthood,
 Thee rightly to adore,
 And fill us with Thy fulness,
 Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. MORSELL.

L.M.

538 "Let all the people praise Thee."
—Psa. lxvii. 5.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore
To shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
ISAAC WAITE

Times and Seasons.

THE LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP.

886.886.

539 "One Sabbath to another . . . to
worship."—Isa. lxvi. 23.

1 THE festal morn, my God, has come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed
dome,

Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away!
What transports fill my breast!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now with glad survey
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring:
Here crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues em-
ploy,
And hail the Immortal King.

JAMES MERRICK.

L.M.

540 "It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the Lord."—Psa. xcii. 1.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my
King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing:
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!

How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
Mine inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WAITE

L.M.

541 "And rested the Sabbath day."—
Luke xxiii. 56.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love
signs
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
3 O that our thoughts and thanks may
rise
As grateful incense to the skies.

And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

¶ This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the deep pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

¶ In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STENNETT.

L.M.

542 "The Lord of the Sabbath."—
Mark ii. 28.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
No guilt the conscience to oppress;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But wait the nobler rest above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

76.76.76.76.

543 "The Lord's day."—Rev. i. 10.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain
We view our promised land.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there our voice upraising
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

S.M.

544 "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's
day."—Rev. i. 10.

1 THIS is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still,

4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

JOHN ELLERTON.

C.M.

545 "The Lord's day."—Rev. i. 10.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hour his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

C.M.

546 "Very early in the morning they
came unto the sepulchre."—

Luke xxiv. 1.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear Thy word;
And I will go, with cheerful feet,
To learn Thy will, O Lord.
- 4 Help me to hear, to praise, to pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

ISAAC WATTS.

1010.1111.

547 "Let Thy salvation come."—
Ps. cxix. 41.

- 1 THY tenderest care
For us has been shown,
At home or elsewhere,
The week that is gone.
Dear Lord, may we love Thee
And keep Thee in mind,
Since we always prove Thee
Both faithful and kind.
- 2 Be with us this day
In all that we do;
Oh, teach us Thy way
With joy to pursue!
From sin and temptation,
Lord make us depart,
And let Thy salvation
Revive every heart.

87.87.77.

548 "Our feet shall stand within
gates."—Ps. cxlii. 2.

- 1 OPEN now Thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers pra
Oh! how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and gra
- 2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Th
There a heaven on earth must b
To my heart, oh! enter Thou—
Let it be Thy temple now.
- 3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted
Here Thy seed is duly sown,
Let my soul where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves also
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.
- 4 Thou my faith increase and quick
Let me keep Thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy word still o'er me shin
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.
- 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear The
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near The
While Thou dost Thy people fee
Here of life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

SCHMOLOK tr. by C. WINKWORI

77.77.77.77.

549 "How amiable are Thy taberna
O Lord of hosts!"—Ps. lxxiv

- 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High,
Happier souls that find a rest
On their heavenly Father's breast
Like the wandering dove that foun
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy they, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
Lord, be mine this prize to win.
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

llll.lill.

550 "And God blessed the Sabbath day."—Gen. ii. 3.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, a morn-
ing of rest,

The day of the week I love dearest
and best ! [the tomb

This morning my Saviour arose from
And broke all its fetters and banished
its gloom.

O let me be thoughtful and good all
the day,

Nor spend the blest moments in
trifling or play;

O let me remember these hours have
been given

'o meeten, instruct, and prepare me
for heaven.

1 the house of the Lord, in His
presence and fear,

hen I worship to-day, may I still be
sincere;

the school where I learn, may I do
it with care,

I be grateful to all who watch over
me there.

st me, blest Saviour, wherever I be,
iveas becometh a follower of Thee;

aw all my heart, keep me firm in
Thy ways,

uld love Thee, and serve Thee,
nd render Thee praise.

66.66.66.66.

'I have loved the habitation of Thy
house."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

TS, we love to meet

this Thy holy day;

We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend
On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

MRS. PARSON.

S.M.

552 "Draw nigh to God, and He will
draw nigh to you."—James iv. 8

1 WE come, Lord, to Thy feet,
On this Thy holy day:
O come to us, while here we meet,
To learn and praise and pray.

2 Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send,
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labours own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before Thy throne.

LADY WHITMORE.

L.M.

553 "In spirit and in truth."—John
iv. 24.

1 WHEN to the house of God we go
To hear His word, and sing His
love,

We ought to worship Him below,
As saints and angels do above.

2 They stand before His presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at His footstool bow,
And love Him though we cannot so.

3 But God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and

He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing His praise.

- 4 The triflers, too, His eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with the heart.
- 5 Oh, may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given,
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

JANE TAYLOR.

66.66.

554 "The place where Thine honour
dwelleth."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

- 1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy children meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

L.M.

555 "All the congregation said, Amen,
and praised the Lord."—Neh. v. 13.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure, or my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word,
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

- 4 With thoughts of Chi
divine,
Fill up this foolish heart
That, hoping pardon thine
I may lie down and wa

75.75.75.75.8

556 "Hear Thou from
dwelling-place,
2 Chron. vi.

- 1 WHEN the weary,
To Thy goodne
When the heavy-lad
All their load on T
When the troubled, s
On Thy name shall
When the sinner, see
At Thy feet shall fi
Hear then, in love, O L
In heaven, Thy dwe
high.
- 2 When the worldling,
Lifts his soul above
When the prodigal lo
To his Father's love
When the proud mar
Stoops to seek Thy
When the burdened t
To Thy throne of g
Hear then, in love, O L
In heaven, Thy dwe
high.
- 3 When the stranger as
All his toils to end;
When the hungry cra
And the poor a frie
When the sailor on tl
Bows the fervent ki
When the soldier on t
Lifts his heart to T
Hear then, in love, O L
In heaven, Thy dwe
high.
- 4 When the man of toil
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd o
Names the name of
When the learned and
Tired of earthly t n
Upon higher joys inte
Name the blessed N
Hear then, in love, O L
In heaven, Thy dwe
high.

- 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy waiting, weeping church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

HORATIUS BONAR.

87.87.87.87.

557 "Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God."—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON.

L.M.

558 "The Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. lviii. 11.

- 1 GREAT Saviour, who didst con-
descend
Young children in Thine arms to take,
Still prove Thyself the children's friend,
And save us for Thy mercy's sake.
- 2 'Tis by the guidance of Thy hand
That we within Thy house appear;
Now in Thine awful presence stand,
To hear Thy word and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instructions we receive
With fruits of righteousness abound,
And make us to Thy glory live.
- 4 Then, through the slippery paths of youth
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide:
That we, directed by Thy truth,
May never from Thy precepts slide.
- 5 To read Thy word our hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
Great Saviour, may we all be Thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

66.66.88.

559 "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."
—Ps. xcvi. 4.

- 1 HOW happy is the place
Where favoured children meet
To sing of Jesus' grace,
And sit at Jesus' feet,
To learn of Him a life of love,
And seek a brighter world above!
- 2 How happy is this day,
The best of all the seven,
When children read and pray,
And find the road to heaven.
O Saviour, guide us, lest we stray;
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

66.66.88.

560 "To behold the beauty of the Lord."
—Ps. xxvii. 4.

- 1 WE leave the world of care,
To greet one day in seven;
To join in praise and prayer,
And learn the way to heaven.
The Sabbath bells invite us all,—
Faint emblem of God's holy call.
Chime on, sweet bells, your grate-
ful ring
Shall tune our hearts God's praise
to sing.

2 We leave our books and play,
To read the Book Divine;
There we are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline.
The music of the Sabbath bells.
How sweetly on the ear it swells!
Chime on, sweet bells, &c.

3 We leave our earthly home
To seek that blest abode,
Where loved companions come
To lift our heart to God.
List to the joyous sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells.
Chime on, sweet bells, &c.

L.M.

561 "At even, when the sun did set, they
brought unto Him all that were
diseased."—Mark i. 32.

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,

Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee
best

Are conscious most of wrong within.
7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;

Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide;

8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;

Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWISS.

87.87.77.

562 "The evening sacrifice."—
Ps. cxli. 2.

1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Bless the Gospel message spoken,
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

5 Parents, teachers, friends, and pastor,
Fold them to Thy loving breast,
Guard them safely, gracious Master,
Bless them and they shall be blest;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

S.M.

563 "And all the angels stood round
about the throne . . . and wor-
shipped God."—Rev. vii. 11.

1 OUR day of praise is done:
The evening shadows fall,
But pass not from us with the sun,
True light that light'nest all.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But, oh the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLEKTON.

C.M.

564 "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee."—Numb. vi. 24.

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every house the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His peace His own blest
day.

And guard His people's sleep.

JOHN ELLEKTON.

1010.1010.

565 "The Lord will bless His people with peace."—Ps. xxix. 11.

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name
we raise

With one accord our parting hymn of
praise:

We stand to bless Thee as our worship
cease:

Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word
of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way;

With Thee began, with Thee shall end
the day:

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,

That in this house have called upon
Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy chil-
dren free, [Thee.

For dark and light are both alike to

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife;

Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
conflict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLEKTON.

77.77.

566 "The end of the Sabbath."—
Matt. xxviii. 1.

1 ERE another Sabbath's close,

Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled all our prayers with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive:
By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GERARD T. KOEL.

77.77.

567 "There am I in the midst of them."
—Matt. xviii. 20.

1 BLESSED Jesus, ere we part,
Speak Thy blessing to each heart;

Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest,
Breathe Thy peace through every breast.

2 When, this night, our eyelids close,
Let us in Thine arms repose:
Blessed Jesus, son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.

3 Blessed Jesus, Saviour dear,
Through the darkness be Thou near:
Blessed Jesus, light divine,
Let Thy presence round us shine.

- 4 By our couch Thy station keep,
Guard from evil while we sleep;
Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright,
Guide us safe to realms of light.
C. H. BATEMAN.

77.77.
568 "The end of the Sabbath."—
Matt. xxviii. 1.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
3 Peace is on the world abroad,
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
Where the spirit rests from sin.
4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
When the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onwards to the prize.
5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

87.87.47.
569 "And blessed them."—Luke
xxiv. 50.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
2 Thanks we give, and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
WALTER SHIRLEY.

MORNING.

448.448.

570 "Thy sleep shall be sweet."—
Prov. iii. 24.

- 1 THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.
3 O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

T. O. SUMMERS.

C.M.

571 "I laid me down and slept; I
awaked: for the Lord sustained
me."—Ps. iii. 6.

- 1 THROUGH all the dangers of the
night,
Preserved, O Lord, by Thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by Thy arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom Thou dost keep from harm.
3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are Thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.
4 Let us ne'er turn away from Thee!
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

THOMAS KELLY.

77.77.77.

572 "Unto you that fear My name shall
the Sun of righteousness arise."
—Mal. iv. 2.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:

ng from on high be near ;
in my heart appear.

l cheerless is the morn,
panied by Thee ;
s the day's return,
mercy's beams I see ;
inward light impart
eyes, and warm my heart.
n, this soul of mine,
s gloom of sin and grief ;
Radiancy divine,
ll my unbelief ;
more Thyself display,
o the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L.M.

*the morning will I direct my
ayer unto Thee, and will look
up.*—Ps. v. 3.

at the daylight fills the sky,
lift our hearts to God on high,
in all we do or say,
ep us free from harm to-day.
restrain our tongues from

i from anger's din our life,
d with watchful care our eyes
h's absorbing vanities.

r inmost hearts be pure,
ughts of folly kept secure ;
of sinful flesh subdued,
paring use of daily food.

en this day's work is o'er,
s of night return once more,
of trial safely trod,
the glory to our God.

LATIN, tr. by NEALE.

L.M.

*Lord's mercies are new every
orning.*—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

Y happy, timely wise,
s that with rising morn arise,
the beam celestial view,
rmore makes all things new.

' morning is the love
ing and uprising prove ;
sleep and darkness safely
it,

to life, and power, and
it.

es each returning day
and us while we pray ;

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

575 L.M.
*"Evening and morning will I
pray."*—Ps. lv. 17.

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

576 88.88.1111.
*"When I awake I am still with
Thee."*—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

1 MY Father, I thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank Thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest.

Oh, how shall a poor little creature
repay
Thy Fatherly kindness by night and
by day.

2 My voice would be lisping Thy
praise,
My heart would return Thee its
love ;

O teach me to walk in Thy ways,
And fit me to see Thee above.
For Jesus has bid little children come
nigh—

He will not despise such an infant as I.

- 3 As long as Thou deemest it right
That here on this earth I should
stay,
I pray Thee to guard me at night,
And help me to serve Thee by
day.
And when all my days on earth shall
have passed
Receive me in heaven to praise Thee
at last.

ANN TAYLOR.

L.M.

577 "My voice shall Thou hear in the
morning."—Ps. v. 8.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last, esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear,
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.
4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.
6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
8 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

C.M.

578 "His going forth is from the end
of the heaven, and his circuit unto
the ends of it."—Ps. xix. 6.

- 1 **M**Y God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

ISAAC WATTS.

886.886.

579 "Bring your sacrifices every morn-
ing."—Amos iv. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, from my bed again I rise,
To offer up the sacrifice
Of praise and prayer to Thee;
I laid me down to sleep at night;
I trusted in Thy arm of might;
Thine arm protected me.
2 Uphold Thy servant through the day
Direct my steps in wisdom's way;
Let me not turn aside.
Let me not walk where scornners walk
And sinful men profanely talk;
Still be my God and Guide.

WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW.

C.W.

580 "Sweet incense every morning."—
Exod. xxx. 7.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life, with grateful heart
My early song I'll raise;
But oh! Thy thousand thousand gift
Exceed my highest praise!
2 Sustained by Thee, my opening eyes
Salute the morning light;
Secure I stand, unhurt by all
The dangers of the night.
3 My life renewed, my strength repaired
To Thee, my God, are due;
Teach me Thy ways, and give me grace
My duty to pursue.

ry ill this day defend,
rd me most from sin;
r going out, O Lord,
as my coming in.

ly holy fear command
tion, thought, and word;
I sweetly close the day,
ad of Thee, my Lord.

SAMUEL PEARCE.

EVENING.

65.65.

*in the night shall be light
at me.*"—Ps. cxxxix. 11.

V the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
ws of the evening
d across the sky.

grant the weary
n and sweet repose;
Thy tenderest blessing
r our eyelids close.

to little children
ons bright of Thee;
the sailors tossing
he angry sea.

rt every sufferer
ching late in pain;
who plan some evil
n their sins restrain.

gh the long night-watches
Thine angels spread
white wings above me,
ding round my bed.

the morning wakens,
I may I arise,
nd fresh and sinless
hy holy eyes.

to the Father,
y to the Son,
o the blest Spirit,
let all ages run.

S. BARING-GOULD.

L.M.

*ill both lay me down . . . and
sleep.*"—Ps. lv. 8.

ise to Thee, my God, this
ht,

blessings of the light;
O keep me, King of kings,
bline own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;—

Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

866.866.

583 "*Let the lifting up of my hands be
as the evening sacrifice.*"—Ps. cxli. 2.

1 F^{OR} the blessings this day given,
I will raise songs of praise
To my God in heaven.

Wondrous is Thy love and power,
All Thy sheep Thou wilt keep
Through the midnight hour.

2 I will lay me down and slumber,
Though around foes abound,
Fierce and without number;

Satan may his legions gather,
Yet shall I safely lie
Guarded by my Father.

3 When the morning dawn is breaking,
Let me be still with Thee,
In Thy presence waking;

So, O Lord, be my protection,
Through Death's night, till the light
Of the Resurrection.

866.

584 "*When thou liest down thou shalt
not be afraid.*"—Prov. iii. 24.

1 F^{OR} I sleep for every favour,
This day showed, by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name, still the same,
Merciful and tender

3 Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

- 4 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me with sovereign power.
5 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise, with the wise,
Counted in their number.

JOHN OENWICK.

87.87.77.

585 "Thou shalt take thy rest in safety."—Job xi. 18.

- 1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY.

64.66.

586 "Let the lifting up of my hands be as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2.

- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
2 As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom who spirits live.
4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;—
5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He;
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

- 7 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.
LATIN tr. by E. C.
76.76.88.

587 "Thou, Lord, only make in safety."—Ps. lv. 1.

- 1 THE day is past and
All thanks, O Lord
I pray Thee now that
The hours of dark ma
O Jesus, keep me in Thy si
And guard me through th
night.
2 The joys of day are over
I lift my heart to The
And ask Thee that offer
The hours of dark ma
O Jesus, keep me in Thy si
And guard me through th
night.
3 The toils of day are over
I raise the hymn to T
And ask that free from
The hours of dark ma
O Jesus, keep me in Thy si
And guard me through th
night.
4 Be Thou my soul's pres
For Thou alone dost k
How many are the peri
Through which I hav
O loving Jesus, hear my cal
And guard and save me from
JOHN MASON
L. M.
588 "He giveth His belo
—Ps. cxvii. 2.
1 SUN of my soul, Thou Sav
It is not night if Thou
O may no earth-born cloud
To hide Thee from Thy serv
2 When with dear friends sw
hold,
And all the flowers of life ur
Let not my heart within me
Except in all I Thee discern.
3 When the soft dews of kind
My wearied eyelids gently s
Be my last thought,—how
rest
For ever on my Saviour's bri

- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own
ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 7 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we
take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

87.87.

589 "Neither shall any plague come
nigh thy dwelling."—Ps. xci. 10.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-
ing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

C.M.

590 "To seek of Him a right way."
—Exra viii. 21.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly
Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall
greet
The dawn of endless day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1010.1010.

591 "Abide with us . . . the day is far
spent."—Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 ABIDE with me, fast falls the even-
tide:
The darkness thickens; Lord with me
abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with
me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis-
ciples, Lord:
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with
me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings, [Thy wings;
But kind and good, with healing in
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea; [with me.
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing
hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me.

- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

87.87.

592 "*He shall give His angels charge
concerning Thee.*"—Matt. iv. 6.

- 1 HEAR my prayer, O heavenly
Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
- 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.
- 5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

HARRIET PARR.

L.M. (6 lines.)

593 "*The Lord is my light.*"—
Ps. xxvii. 1.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go.
Thy words into our minds insill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil way
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil
And care is light, for Thou hast car
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and dead
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER
446.446.

594 "*In the night His song shall
with me.*"—Ps. xlii. 8.

- 1 THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed
While Thou art near
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

Pardon my sin,
And enter in,
sanctify my heart;
Spirit divine,
O make me Thine,
ne'er from me depart.

T. O. SUMMERS.

S.M.
bide with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.
OUR, abide with us,
the day is now far gone;
I'd obtain a blessing thus,
ning to Thy throne.
We not reached that land,
happy land, as yet,
holy angels round Thee stand,
suns can never set.
I'm sinking now,
I'm almost o'er;
righteousness, do Thou
on us evermore.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

87.87.
'e giveth His beloved sleep.—
Ps. cxlvii. 2.
tender Shepherd, hear me,
s Thy little lamb to-night;
the darkness be Thou near

ne safe till morning light.
day Thy hand has led me,
thank Thee for Thy care;
ast clothed me, warmed and
ne,
to my evening prayer.
sins be all forgiven,
the friends I love so well;
when I die, to heaven,
there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

C.M.
*Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep
shall be sweet.*—Prov. iii. 24.
Now another day is gone,
sing my Maker's praise;
forth, every hour, make known
His providence and grace.
my childhood runs to waste!
ns, how great their sum!
ve me pardon for the past,
strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head, [keep
And, through the hours of darkness,
Their watch around my bed.
4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And, in the morning, let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.

ISAAC WATTS.

77.77.85.85.
598 *"The shadows of the evening are
stretched out."*—Jer. vi. 4.

- 1 FATHER, while the shadows fall
With the twilight over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.
Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness
sleeping.

Bless me when I wake.

- 2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
Take me, &c.

- 3 Like Thy patient love to me
May my love to others be;
All the wrongs my hands have done,
Pardon, Lord, through Christ Thy Son.
Take me, &c.

MILLER.

77.77.77.
599 *"To bring you near to Himself."*—
Numb. xvi. 9.

- 1 THOU that once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake, or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands upon my head,
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
2 Be beside me in the light,
Be close by me through the night,
Make me gentle, kind, and true—
Do what I am bid to do,
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.
3 Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

66.66.

600 "He whom Thou blessest is blessed."
—Numb. xxii. 8.

- 1 MY Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest;
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.
- 2 Forgive me all my sins,
That I may sleep this night,
In safety and in peace,
Until the morning light.
- 3 Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
To strive to do Thy will,
To worship and adore.
- 4 Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

E. C. W.

8494.3884.

601 "I will both lay me down in peace
and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only
maketh me dwell in safety."
—Ps. iv. 8.

- 1 GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

HEBER AND WHATELY.

77.77.

602 "The dove came in to him in the
evening."—Gen. viii. 11.

- 1 LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.
- 2 Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright;
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

3 O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep,
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

4 Tender mercies on my way
Falling softly, like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

5 Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee,
Be an everlasting song.

ANNA LETITIA WARE

88.86.

603 "So Samuel went and lay down
—1 Sam. iii. 9.

- 1 THIS night I lift my heart to
Whose dwelling is in heaven:
O deign to hear and answer me,
My Father—God of love.
- 2 Art Thou not, Lord, in every pla
Is there a thing beneath Thy ca
Though angels only see Thy fa
Yet Thou art everywhere.
- 3 O give Thine angels charge to k
Their wings spread over me this
Let them defend me—let me sle
Till darkness melts in light.

WILLIAM BARTHOLOM

664.8664.

604 "Now let it please Thee to b
house of Thy servant."—
2 Sam. vii. 29.

- 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,—
Bless us to-night.
- 2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,

very throbbing heart,
his own peace impart;
us to-night.

GEORGE RAWSON.

C.M.

*you shall lie down, and none shall
be thee afraid.*"—Job xi. 19.
Shadows of the evening hours
From the dark'ning sky;
The fragrance of the flowers
Of evening lie.

Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
Feel at close of day;
Thy children from on high,
As we while we pray.

Woes of Thy servants, Lord,
Not Thou despise;
The incense of our prayer
Thy mercy rise.

Darkness of the coming light
The darkness rolls;
Woes of future glory chase
Shadows on our souls.

Y, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Our souls descend;
In night fears and perils, Thou
Smiling hearts defend.

Respite from our toil,
And subdue our woes;
The long day we suffer, Lord,
Give us now repose!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

77.77.77.

and the Sabbath drew on."—

Luke xxiii. 54.

Y through another week
Has brought us on our way;
Now a blessing seek
Approaching Sabbath-day:
All the week the best,
Of eternal rest.

Multipled each hour,
Lord, our praise demand;
By Thy mighty power,
And by Thy bounteous hand,
In worldly cares set free,
Rest this night with Thee.

The morn shall bid us rise,
Feel Thy presence near;
Thy glory meet our eyes,
In Thy house appear;
All our Sabbaths prove
Of the joys above.

JOHN NEWTON.

SPRING.

77.77.

607 "Lo, the winter is past!"—
Solomon's Song ii. 11.

- 1 WINTER'S days of gloom are past;
Happier hours are come at last;
Flowers and blossoms quickly spring;
Birds amid the branches sing.
- 2 Oh how great the love and power
Which protecteth bird and flower!
At the time appointed, still
Bidding each its station fill.
- 3 Birds,—they do not understand,—
We will own the guiding hand
Which hath led our youthful way
Safe to this rejoicing day.
- 4 As with melody and song
Joyously we pass along,
Let our hearts with rapture swell,
All our Father's love to tell.
- 5 There are brighter paths than these,
Ways of sacred pleasantness—
Pastures ever green and fair:
Are our spirits travelling there?
- 6 Thorns may sometimes strew the road,
Yet it leadeth on to God;
Let us go, a pilgrim band,
To that bright and happy land.

S.M.

608 "To cause the bud of the tender herb
to spring forth."—Job xxxviii. 27.

- 1 SPARED to another spring,
We raise our grateful songs:
'Tis pleasant, Lord, thy praise to sing,
For praise to Thee belongs.
- 2 Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth Thy tender care.
- 3 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wondrous skill.
- 4 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown,
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.
- 5 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

- 6 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise,
In better songs on high.

ANN GILBERT.

446.448.
609 "Thou blissest the springing
thereof."—Ps. lxx. 10.

- 1 THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

- 2 Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

- 3 Dew falls apace,—
The dews of grace,—
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

- 4 Yet year by year
Fruits, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

- 5 Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

- 6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing:
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

J. S. B. MONSELL

S.M.
610 "That our sons may be as plants
grown up in their youth."—
Ps. cxliv. 12.

- 1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year.

- 2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace;
When children bless and praise th
King,
Who loves their youthful race.

- 3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass aw
And morning beams are nigh.

- 4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth,
When shades and darkness are wil
drawn
Before the light of truth.

- 5 Sweet is the opening flower,
Which just begins to bloom;
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume.

- 6 But sweeter that young heart,
When faith and love and peace
Blossom and bloom in every part
With sweet and varied grace.

- 7 Oh! may life's early spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's flower, and its fair blossom!
Be given, my God, to Thee.

APPLEDORE

SUMMER.

65.65.
611 "There is nothing hid from
heat thereof."—Ps. xix. 6.

- 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

- 2 Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

- 3 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

- 4 Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

- 5 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

clouds are drifting
 o'er our sky,
 all uplifting,
 e Thou nigh.
 er doubt Thee,
 'hou veil Thy light;
 without Thee;
 th Thee is bright.
 ght! shine o'er us
 lgrim way;
 ill before us
 dless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

THE AUTUMN.

76.76.

*"us rain from heaven,
 seasons."—Acts xiv.17.*

wittily waning;
 er days are past;
 life, is speeding;
 aring fast.

gling seasons
 n- and go;
 nal Father,
 hange canst know.

grace upon us,
 ' worthier be,
 passes o'er us,
 eaven with Thee.

ding orchards
 ous fruit are crowned;
 arts more richly
 ' fruit abound.

ericy sent us,
 grief and pain,
 ke the sunshine,
 like the rain.

urts make fruitful
 goodly grace,
 ame may hallow,
 st Thy face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

WINTER.

77.77.

*"st made . . . winter."
 's. lxxiv. 17.*

ign-eth o'er the land,
 ; with its icy breath;
 the tall trees stand;
 nd drear as death.

i but a day
 nmer flowers were here,

Since they stacked the balmy hay.
 Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
 So the years go, speeding fast,
 Onward ever, each new one
 Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
 Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
 Each one, like the falling leaf,
 Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all Nature rising break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
 Comes a bright awa-ening,
 And our flesh in hope shall rest
 Of a never-fading Spring.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

HARVEST.

IRREGULAR.

614 *"Thou bleasest the springing
 thereof."—Ps. lxxv. 10.*

1 WE plough the fertile meadows,
 We sow the furrowed land;
 But all the growth and increase
 Are in God's mighty hand.

He gives the showers and sunshine
 To swell the quick'ning grain,
 The springing corn He blesses,
 He clothes the golden plain.

Every bounteous blessing
 His faithful love bestows,
 Then magnify His glorious Name,
 From whom all goodness flows.

2 By Him all things were fashioned
 Around us and afar,
 He formed the earth and ocean,
 He kindled every star.

His love ordained the seasons,
 By Him are all things fed;
 He for the sparrow careth,
 He gives our daily bread.

Every bounteous blessing
 His faithful love bestows,
 Then magnify His glorious Name,
 From whom all goodness flows.

3 All praise to Thee, Great Father,
 Thou Giver of all good;
 Upon whose care dependeth
 Our life, and health, and food:
 We bring our glad thanksgiving,
 Our gifts of love and praise;

Be Thine our grateful service,
The harvest of our days.
Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious Name,
From whom all goodness flows.

CLAUDIUS (tr.)

77.77.77.77.

615 "They joy before Thee according to
the joy in harvest."—Isa. ix. 3.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
- 2 All this world 's God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest-Home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

HENRY ALFORD.

10.108.

616 "He shall come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him."
—Ps. cxvi. 6.

- 1 GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee
again [strain]
We humbly now present, in joyous
Our Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 2 To Thee, in whom we live and move,
we come, [safely home,
To praise Thee for the sheaves brought
With Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

- 3 Thou dost prepare our corn, and y
by year, [p
Before Thine altar, Lord, will we
With Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 4 Thine was the former and the la
rain, [ap
Enriching earth, and calling to
The Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 5 Thou openest wide once more
bounteous hand, [t
And far and wide ascends from all
Glad Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 6 Thou fillest all that live with plente
ness, [b
They, in return, Thy sacred name
In Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 7 Thy clouds drop fatness on the teen
earth, [mi
Accept these festal songs of reve
This Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 8 The year is crowned with goods
Lord, by Thee, [f
Then meet it is that we should c
The Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 9 On every side both hills and dale
joice, [ful v
On every side sounds forth the g
Of Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 10 For all Thy blessings, Lord, our tha
we sing, [b
We all, who sow and reap, toge
Our Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

S. CHILDS CLARK

617 65. (19 lines.)
"The joy in harvest."—Isa. ix.

- 1 EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days.
O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
As the joy in harvest,
Joy we before Thee.
- 2 Every youth and maiden,
On the harvest plain,
Round the waggons laden
With their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus,
On the evening air,

n who o'er us
with constant care.
Almighty Giver, &c.
un and showers,
rain and dew,
turturing hours
and summer knew;
olden autumn,
precious stores,
ove that brought them
g to our doors,
Almighty Giver, &c.
road harvest whitens
ghter sun;
orb that lightens
tread upon;
labourers, Father!
fields ripening wave;
stions gather,
in and save.
Almighty Giver!
bountiful and free,
in as joy in harvest
fe shall joy in Thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

ND OLD YEAR.

77.77.
to be born, and a time to
—Eccles. iii. 2
ass the seasons round;
change on earth is found;
day by day,
rtly pass away.
t returns no more;
will soon be o'er;
early wise,
as it flies.
, to seek Thy face,
grow in grace,
dwell above,
m of Thy love
5.75.75.
glorify Thy name."—
s. lxxxvi. 12.
ere we dedicate
year to Thee,
worldly state
ave us be.
ow, pain, or care,
re we claim;
ll be our prayer,
by name.

- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
"Glorify Thy name."
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If in life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad th y sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the year may bring,
"Glorify Thy name."
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home:
May we think how Thy dear S n.
To His glory came,
In His footsteps follow on;
"Glorify Thy name."

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.

55512.55512.

- 620 "Wherefore, gird up the loins of
your mind."—1 Peter i. 13.
- 1 COME, let us anew Our journey pur-
Roll round with the year, [sue,
And never stand still, till the Master
appear.
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the
labour of love.
 - 2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a
Glides swiftly away, [stream
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay; [gone,
The arrow is flown, The moment is
The millennial year [here.
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
 - 3 O that each in the day Of his coming
might say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst
give me to do."
O that each from His Lord May receive
the glad word,
"Well, and faithfully done,
Enter into My joy, and sit down on
My throne."

CHARLES WESLEY.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

L.M.

621 "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open and crown and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in His bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

L.M.

622 "Having obtained help of God."—Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,

Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

88.86.76.

623 "Come before His presence will singing."—Ps. c. 2.

- 1 ANOTHER year has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our joyous song.
We come with song of greeting,
We come with song again.
- 2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, &c.
- 3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
We come, &c.

68.97.

624 "We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9.

- 1 DROPPING, dropping, dropping,
ping,
Slowly dropping away:
Like the silent sands of the hour-glass
Drops the old year day by day.
- 2 Dropping, dropping, dropping—
No sound of spoken word:
But every day had a tale to tell,
Which only God has heard.
- 3 Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Swiftly dropping away;
So go the years of the early life
On their appointed way.
- 4 Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Oh, joy to see them go,
If they tell a tale in our Father's ear
Of a holy life below.

Special Occasions.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

C.M.

625 "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 ONCE more, O Lord, a youthful band,
On this rejoicing day,

Around Thy throne of grace we stand,
Our debt of love to pay.

- 2 While some, who once our numbers swelled,
Are mingled with the dead,

y Thy goodness, Lord, upheld,
 path of life we tread.
 ough we're hasting to the tomb,
 ile days and years are given,
 am amidst our youthful bloom
 way that leads to heaven.
 help our youthful feet to tread
 hat delightful way,
 ve, by Thy good counsel led,
 never go astray.
 hen we reach the land of rest,
 hich we here aspire,
 join our praises with the blessed
 eaven's harmonious choir.

L.M.

*"Every one . . . shall even go up
 from year to year to worship."*—
 Zec. xiv. 16.

M year to year in love we meet,
 rom year to year in peace we
 part,
 ngues of children uttering sweet
 som-joy of every heart.
 me rolls on; and year by year
 ange, grow up, or pass away I
 ries the same assembly here
 hailed the children's festal day.
 ere another year, shall strike
 of our number marked to fall;
 ing and old prepared alike,
 arning is to each, to all.
 le occasion then is ours,
 ay we ne'er again shall see;
 od, awaken all our powers
 nd it for eternity.

mes, our lives, are in Thy hand,
 ee for all things we rely;
 d, while in Thy grace we stand,
 is Christ, and gain to die.
 hile our failing ranks renew;
 hildren teachers in our place,
 umble, docile, faithful, true,
 like Thy Son, from race to race.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

S.M.

*The memory of Thy great good-
 ness."*—Ps. cxlv. 7.

ET all assembled here,
 On this returning day,
 r the mercies of the year,
 id grateful homage pay
 s, we adore Thee, Lord,
 in this sacred place:

Where oft we meet, with sweet accord
 To seek Thy gracious face.
 3 To Thee, our God and King,
 We glad hosannas raise;
 O deign to hear our voices sing
 The honours of Thy praise.
 4 Command Thy blessing, Lord,
 On all assembled here;
 And may we still Thy grace record
 Through every circling year.

77.77.77.

628 *"In the presence of our Lord Jesus
 Christ."*—1 Thessa. ii. 19.

1 HAIL the children's festal day!
 Glad we sing our opening lay;
 Glad we see each other's face
 In this happy meeting-place.
 But one Friend we ask to stay
 In the midst of us to-day:
 Jesus, Saviour, near us be
 While the children sing to Thee.

2 Gladsome ones are in His sight,
 Happy spirits, faces bright!
 Light the hearts that gather here,
 Where the friends we love appear;
 But a cloud is o'er the day
 If the Saviour keep away.
 Jesus, Saviour, &c.

3 We have learnt to love that Name,
 For the children Jesus came,
 Bless'd the merry little bands,
 Touched them with His gentle hands,
 Loved to have them by His side,
 And to save them, even died.
 Jesus, Saviour, &c.

4 We are young, and little know
 Of the way we have to go:
 We are dark and need His light,
 For we cannot tell the right;
 Christ, the children's Friend, is strong,
 He will save us from all wrong.
 Jesus, Saviour, &c.

5 When our lives on earth shall end,
 May we to His home ascend,
 May we gather at His feet,
 May we there each other meet,
 May we sing the glad new song
 Sung by all the heavenly throng.
 Jesus, Saviour, &c.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

629 *87.87.47.
 "Ebenezer."*—1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 THUS, in holy convocation,
 Here again our voice we raise.

In one hymn of jubilation
To our great Redeemer's praise.
Ebenezer!

He hath helped us all our days.

- 2 Mercies, every want exceeding,
Mercies varied, rich, and free,
Speedy answers to our pleadings,
Gracious Lord, have come from Thee.
Hallelujah!

Let us still Thy goodness see.

- 3 Throngs who journeyed on before us
Raised their glad hosannas high;
We would still take up the chorus
Till we meet Him in the sky.
May our children
Sing the same until they die.

- 4 Saviour, on Thy grace depending,
We would tread the paths unknown;
Still Thy holy hill ascending,
Passing upward to our home,
Where they're singing
Ebenezer round the throne.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

64.64.6664.

- 630 "Bless the Lord, all His works."
—Ps. ciii. 22.

- 1 COME, join the festive song,
Wake voices all;
Chime with the vernal throng,
List to the call.

Hear we in every breeze,
From vale and mountain trees,
Glad notes of nature say,
Join ye my lay.

- 2 Lord of the rolling year—
Round and above,
Boundless Thy works appear,
Boundless Thy love.
All, all in earth and sky,
As glide the seasons by,
New glories of Thy name,
Ever proclaim.

- 3 Joyous we swell the strain.
Thankful to Thee,
Watched by Thy care, again
Spring-tide we see.
Still in this gospel land
Throngs forth the Sabbath band,
Under Truth's canopy,
Happy and free.

- 4 Onward for ever flow,
Truth's mighty wave;
Soon every clime below
Conquer and save.

Sweet as the voice of spring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing,
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye. L. WILL

C.M.

- 631 "Hosanna in the highest."—
Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 HOSANNA, be the children's K
To Christ, the children's K
His praise to whom their souls I
Let all the children sing.

- 2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill
And spread from plain to plain
While, louder, sweeter, clearer I
Woods echo to the strain.

- 3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to ni
And heaven to earth reply.

- 4 Hosanna, then, our song shall b
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

JAMES MORTON

664.6664.

- 632 "The Lord shall bless all I
of thine hand."—Deut. xx

- 1 GOD bless our Sunday scho
Increase our Sunday sch
God bless our school.

On it in mercy shine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our school.

- 2 Our teachers likewise bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.

May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by The
God bless our school.

- 3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace
God bless our school.

And while death's arrows fly,
And honoured teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school.

ALBERT MIDD

L.M.

- 633 "The Lord shall be with th
2 Chron. xix. 11.

- 1 SPARED to another year, O I
Once more within this be

We come to tell Thy praise abroad,
To hear Thy word, to seek Thy grace.
O may a sense that Thou art nigh
Our youthful hearts with awe inspire;
Check the vain thought, the wandering
And banish every wrong desire. [eye,
And whilst, with mingled love and fear,
We in Thy service bear our part,
Give us, O Lord, the hearing ear,
Give us the understanding heart.
Give us, through Jesus' dying love,
To feel our countless sins forgiven;
So shall Thine earthly temple prove,
In very deed, the gate of heaven.

66.66.88.

334 "Thy song praises with gladness." —2 Chron. xxix. 30.

TO Thee, O Lord, we bring
Our grateful songs of praise;
The feeblest lips may sing
Thy glorious works and ways.
Though all is Thine in earth and sky,
Thou still wilt hear our youthful cry.
Upon this festal day
Scholars and teachers meet;
Oh, that we always may
In love each other greet!
For we are journeying, in one band,
Together, to that happy land,
Here, in Thy temple, Lord,
Here, far from worldly care,
Here, where we read Thy word,
Here offer we our prayer—
That every year we live to see,
O God, may find us nearer Thee.
And when life's toils are past,
And all its sorrows o'er,
May we arrive at last
On Canaan's happy shore;
May all the teachers and the taught
Wear the white robe our Saviour
wrought.

C.M.

335 "I will sing and give praise." —Ps. cviii. 1.

ACCEPT, O Lord, the grateful songs
Our youthful voices raise:
To Thee the glory all belongs,
And we would render praise.
Thy daily bounty round us falls
Like manna from above;
And now we meet within these walls,
And own Thy special love.

- 3 Why, gracious Saviour, why to us
Is such instruction given?
Why are we trained and fostered thus
And nurtured up for heaven?
- 4 It is that we may seek Thy face,
And learn to love Thee more!
Then teach us, in this favoured place,
Thy goodness to adore.

87.87.6665.

636 "The God of hope fill you with all joy."—Rom. xv. 13.

- 1 FATHER, from Thy throne of glory,
Listen to our praise and prayer;
Thou hast spared us, in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another year.
Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above;
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts,
With Thy fear and love.
- 2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
Praise, praise unto Thy Name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall
With the loud acclaim. [ring
- 3 Wilt Thou, O Almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day,
Ere the night's dark shades shall gather,
And our praises die away?
Come, Lord, and bless us now,
Thy grace and mercy show;
Evermore, evermore
May Thy blessings flow.
- 4 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever,
Of our risen Saviour's love.
Then shall we sweetly sing,
Praise to our Saviour King,
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall
With the strain we sing. [ring
S. L. MOORE.

66.66.88.

637 "Kept by the power of God."— 1 Pet. i. 5.

- 1 OUR Father, ere we part,
O let Thy grace descend,
And fill each youthful heart
With peace, from Christ our Friend.
May plenteous blessings from above
Inspire our souls with grateful love.

- 2 We know that soon, on earth,
The fondest ties must end ;
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend ;
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.
- 3 Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May we, through grace, receive
A life of endless day ;
And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

77.77.

638 "We commend ourselves to the word
of His Grace."—Acts xx. 32.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain ;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if Thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

JOHN NEWTON.

66.66.66.66.

639 "Then thou shalt bless the Lord."—
Leut. viii. 10.

- 1 COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name,
Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate His fame.
Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end ;
Praise Him for evermore.
- 2 If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end ;
Praise Him for evermore.

DEDICATION OF

L.M.

640 "That Thine eye
upon this house d

2 Chron. v

- 1 A CHILDREN'S t
build,
And dedicate it, Lo
In hope that with Th
These humble walls
be.

- 2 When Christ, Thy l
born,
He had not where to
Though King of kin
scorn
The meanness of a n

- 3 He, who the throne o
Came down, that
sovereign love,
Might be God's chil
Joint heirs with Hi

- 4 And here, where si
taught
To know and do His
Or infants to His arm
He welcomes all, an

- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, wh
Such life and power
That each may Abba,
And young and old

JAMES

1010.1111

641 "Send now p
Ps. cxviii. 2f

- 1 HOW good is the L
ful ! how wise !
His bounty, how r
With multitudes pra
in the skies,
In songs of thank
- 2 Thy blessings vouchs
Thy face,
Prosperity grant,
O send Thy good Spir
place,
Our hearts to encou
- 3 May multitudes here l
ways,
Convinced of their
Constrained through
their earliest day
The good to endea

THOSE AT SEA.

L.M. (6 lines.)

*maketh the storm a calm, so
waves thereof are still."*
—Ps. cvii. 29.

L Father, strong to save,
e arm hath bound the rest-
wave,
st the mighty ocean deep
pointed limits keep;
when we cry to Thee
n peril on the sea.

hose voice the waters heard,
d their raging at Thy word,
st on the foaming deep,
midst its rage didst sleep;
when we cry to Thee
n peril on the sea.

Spirit, who didst brood
chaos dark and rude,
angry tumult cease,
for wild confusion, peace;
when we cry to Thee
n peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren's shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea. W. WHITING.

87.84.

643 "Till the day-star arise."—
2 Pet. i. 19.

1 STAR of peace! to wanderers weary;
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billow rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine! oh, safely guide him!
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea. J. CROSS.

National Hymns.

664.6664.

*Lord thy God hath blessed
ee."*—Deut. ii. 7.

less our native land,
y Heaven's protecting hand
ard our shore;
ce her power extend,
ransformed to friend,
ain's rights depend
r no more.

every changing scene,
preserve our Queen;
nay she reign:
t inspire and move
dom from above;
nation's love
rone maintain.

and righteous laws
he public cause,
ess our isle:
the brave and free,
of liberty,

We pray that still on thee!
Kind Heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone.
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON.

664.6664.

645 "For kings, and for all that are in
authority."—1 Tim. ii. 2.

1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

2 Fountain of life and light,
Lord of all power and might
On Whom we lean;

Whose dwelling is on high,
Who to the meek art nigh,
Attend a nation's cry,
God save the Queen.

- 8 When thousands meet to pray
On this Thy holy day
With hope serene;
When, as Thy courts they throng,
Their anthem peals along,

Accept the solemn song,
God save the Queen.

- 4 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen.

Graces.

- 646 C.M.
"He was known of them in breaking of bread."—Luke xxiv. 35
BE known to us in breaking bread,
And do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 647 444.4444.
1 HOW kind and good
To give us food,
Art Thou, O Lord.
Our thanks receive,
Thy blessing give,
Help us to live
Upon Thy word.

- 2 O Thou, the guest
At Cana's feast,
With us abide.
Our faith increase,
From sin release,
Give us Thy peace,
And be our guide.

- 3 Spirit above,
Unite in love
This social band;
And grant that we,
Eternally,
May dwell with Thee
In Canaan's land.

J. C. WESTBROOK.

- 648 L.M.

FOR us Thou spread'st a table, Lord,
Thou givest us our daily bread;
O let Thy presence crown the board,
Thy blessing rest on every head.

- 649 C.M.

TO God, who gives our daily
A thankful song we'll sing
And pray that He who sends
Will fill our hearts with praise
MRS. M. R.

- 650 L.M.

THY providence supplies my
And 'tis Thy blessing make
My soul is nourished by Thy word
Let soul and body praise the Lord
WILLIAM C.

- 651 L.M.

WE bless the Lord, the just,
Who fills our hearts with
food;
Who pours His blessings from
And loads our days with rich stores
ISAAC

87.87.87.87.

- 652 "Grace be with thee."
1 Tim. vi. 21.

MAY the grace of Christ our
And the Father's boundless
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above,
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford
JOHN W.

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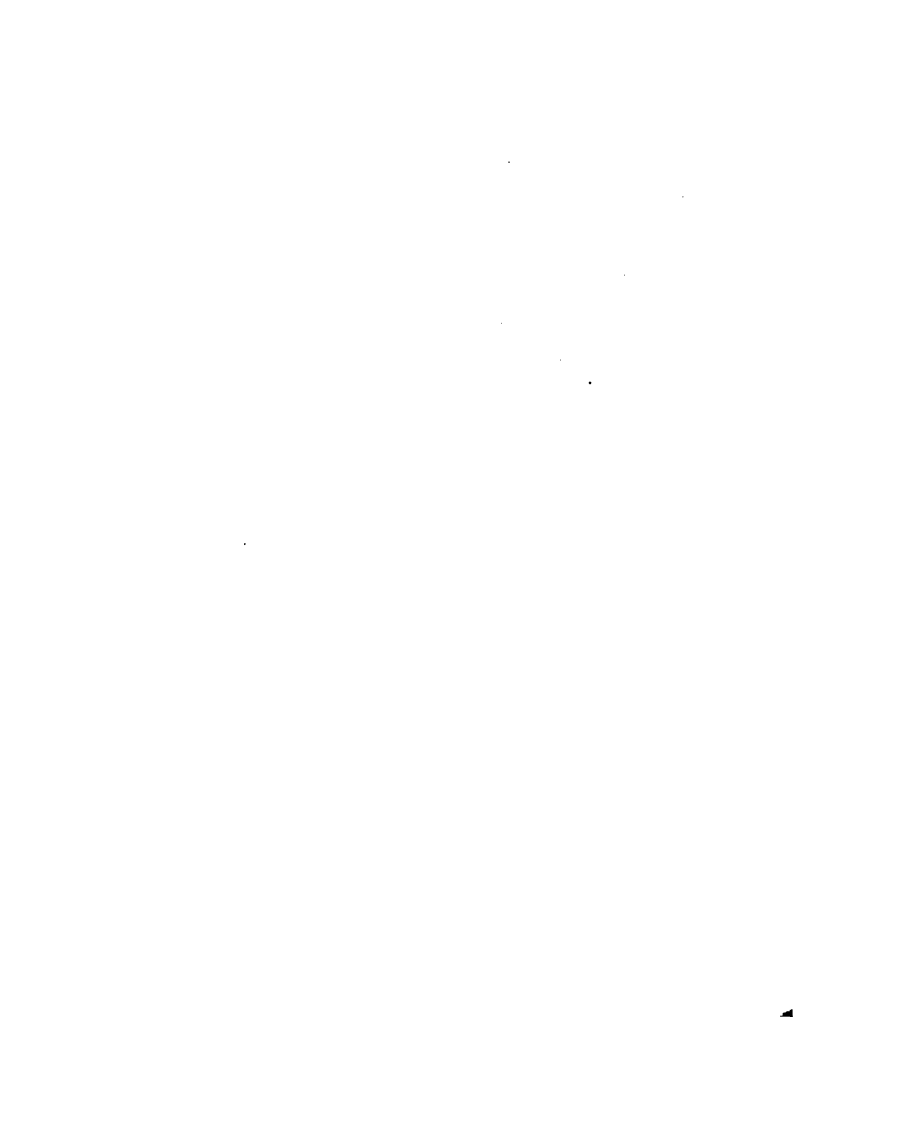
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